

9#5

# M O V I E CLASSIC

January  
NSC

10c  
In Canada  
15c

FILM  
FASHIONS  
BEAUTY  
*and*  
CHARM

Ginger Rogers

36  
Charles Sheldon

Warner Baxter  
and Women  
*by* Jim Tully



**"I want my sleep to be  
beauty sleep—so I never let stale  
cosmetics choke my pores all night"**



Carole Lombard, star of Paramount's  
"Hands Across the Table"

says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

**"YES,** I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when stale rouge and powder are allowed to *choke the pores* that Cosmetic Skin appears—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores.

deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.

**Cosmetics Harmless if  
removed this way**

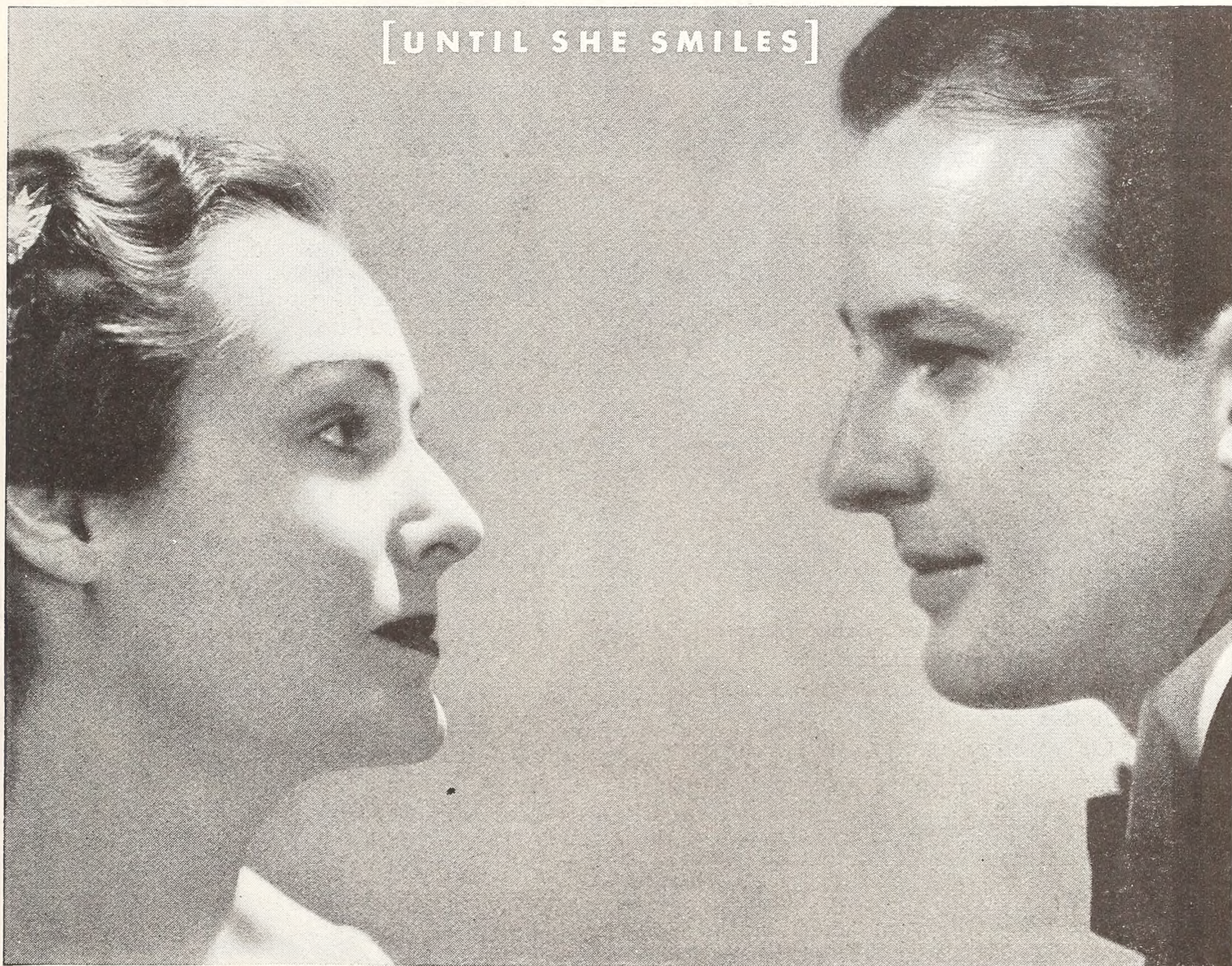
To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an **ACTIVE** lather that sinks





# Enchanted Moment

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



## "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-up—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

### WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—

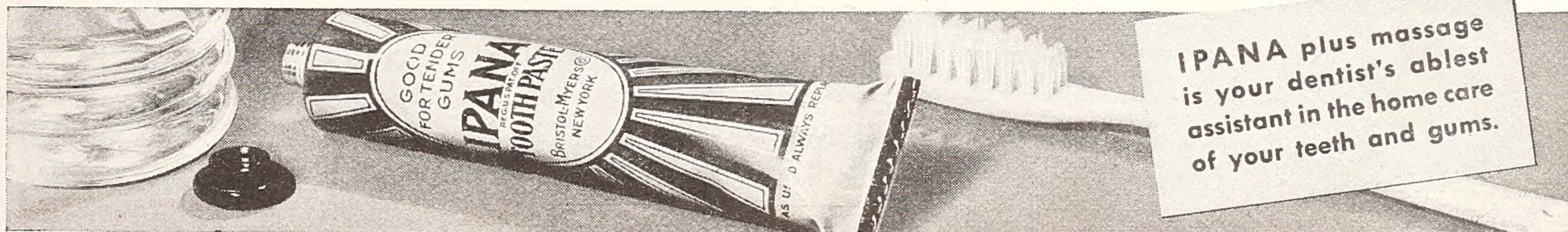
cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thor-

oughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly.

And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.





# THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—  
If your memory is good . . .  
Was way back yonder!

★ ★ ★

We've gone a long way back  
We admit.

But then, consider what  
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—  
And you'll see why  
We feel safe  
In making  
This comparison.

★ ★ ★

It has  
The Marx Brothers—  
Groucho . . . Chico  
And Harpo—  
Every one of them a comic genius,  
And together the funniest trio  
That ever played on stage or screen  
In this  
Or any other country.

★ ★ ★

And it was written by  
Two famous comedy dramatists—  
George Kaufman  
And Morrie Ryskind  
(George is the fellow who wrote  
"Once in a Lifetime,"  
"Merrily We Roll Along,"  
And Morrie collaborated  
With George on  
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).  
This is their first joint job  
Of movie writing.  
Their stage successes were  
Laugh riots—



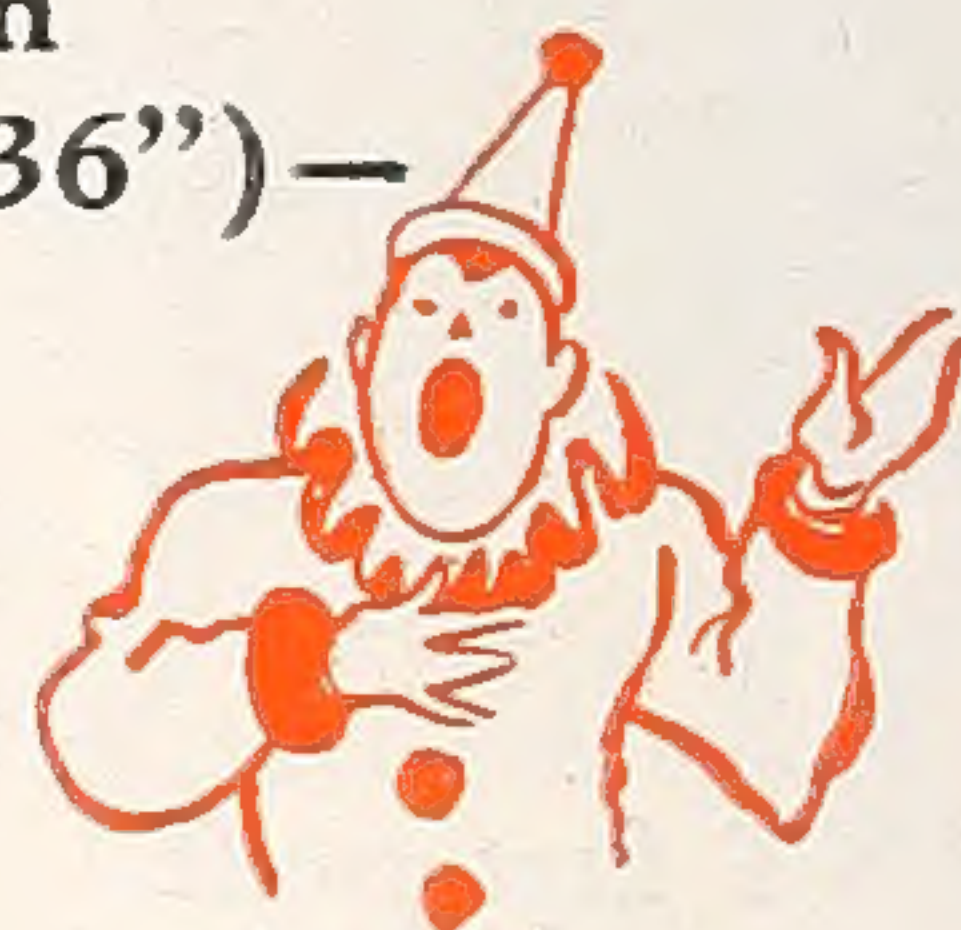
Imagine what they do  
With the wider range  
Of the screen—  
And three master comics  
To do their stuff.

★ ★ ★

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
Put \$1,000,000 into  
Making this picture.  
Yes, sir! One million dollars  
For ninety consecutive minutes  
Of entertainment.  
Which,  
So our Certified  
Public Accountant says,  
Is \$12,000 worth of laughs  
Per minute (and that, we think,  
Is an all-time high).

★ ★ ★

And lest we forget,  
That new song—"Alone"  
By Nacio Herb Brown  
And Arthur Freed  
(The tunesmiths who gave you  
Five happy hit numbers in  
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—  
And there's lots of  
Music and romance  
For instance  
Allan Jones' rendition  
Of "Il Trovatore"  
(Watch this boy, he's  
A new singing star)  
And watch  
Kitty Carlisle—  
She is something  
To watch!



## "A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

*Starring the*

## MARK BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture  
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind



DEC 13 1935

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JAMES E. REID

Editor

LAURENCE REID

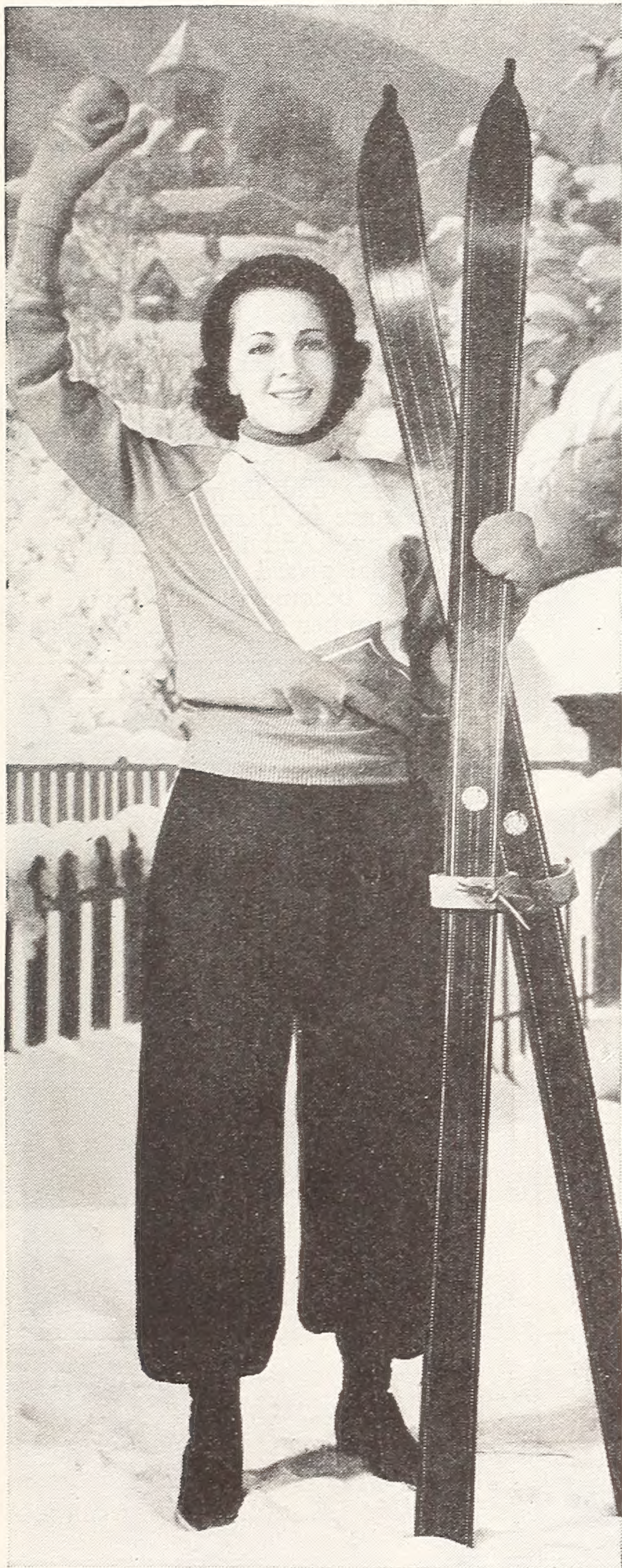
Managing Editor

JANUARY, 1936

VOL. 9 No. 5

# M O V I E CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK



On this month's cover is one dancing star—Ginger Rogers—in a ski outfit. Here is another—Ruby Keeler. And how about you? Are you winter-sports-minded?

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*a Beautiful wave*  
**LIKE THIS?**



MARIAN MARSH, featured in the Columbia Production of "Crime and Punishment"

Your permanent can be just as lovely as the soft lustrous waves you see on the screen if you remember three things: 1. Select a good hairdresser—pass up shops with "bargain" prices. 2. Demand a genuine Duart wave. Nine out of ten Hollywood stars say it's the best, and they ought to know. 3. Look for the SEALED individual package of Duart waving pads. YOUR package will be opened before your eyes. This is your GUARANTEE that your hair will be waved with the same genuine Duart materials used in Hollywood. Duart's FREE BOOKLET of smart Hollywood coiffures sent with a ten-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse used by the stars to brighten the natural color of the hair and add those glamorous highlights. Your choice of 12 delicate shades. Use coupon.

**DUART**

THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS



DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET  
 DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

Name.....

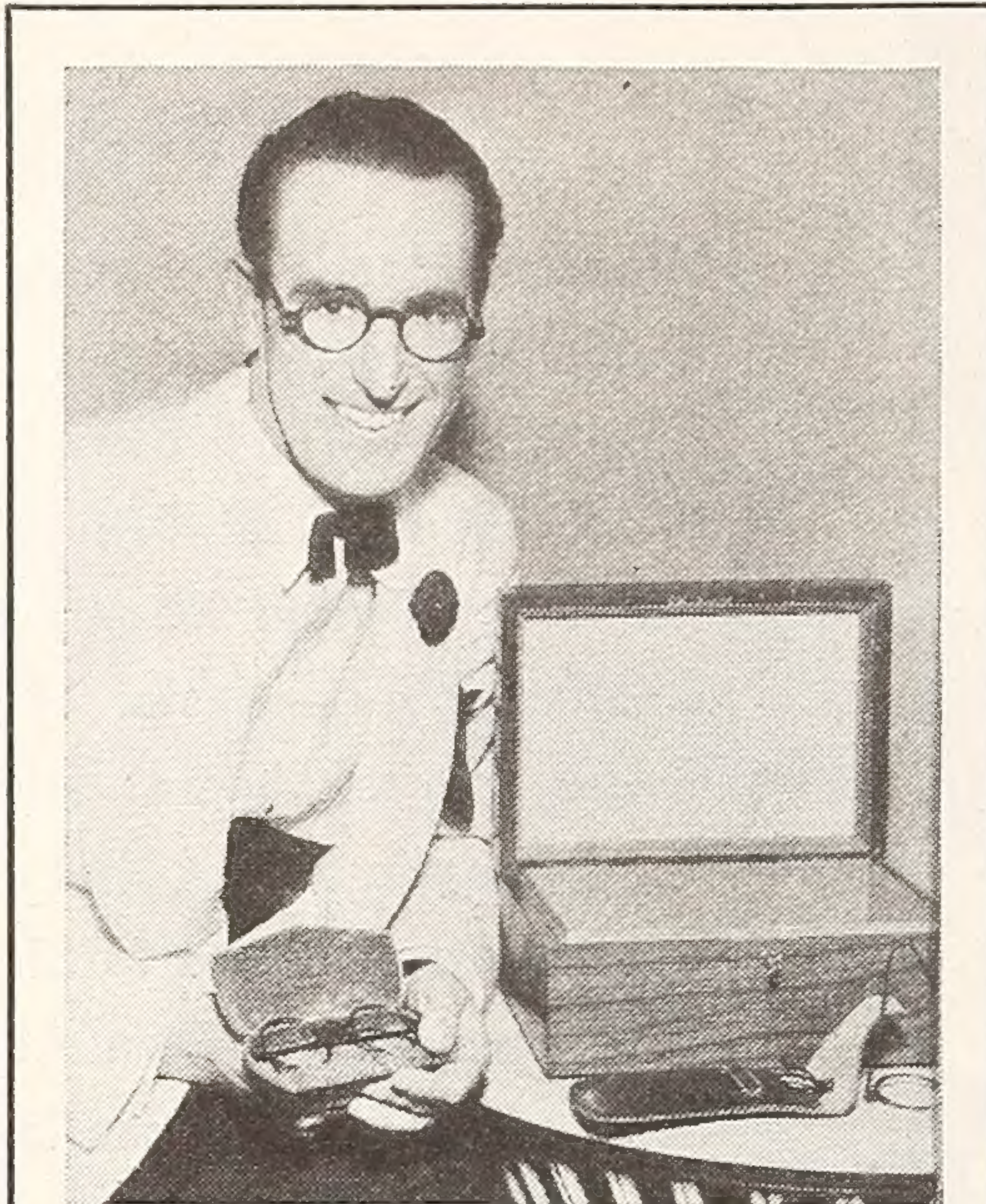
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown       | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde    | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Black                    | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Henna                | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |

# They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!



Harold Lloyd, now starring in *The Milky Way*, treasures his first pair of hornrimmed specs. He's holding them here—but usually they're under lock and key

Before Rochelle Hudson came along, Hollywood had a superstition that no other girl could play a rôle originally intended for Janet Gaynor and find success. But Rochelle succeeded where several predecessors had failed, simply because she did not try to be a second Gaynor when the chance was thrown her way. She gave an individual performance as the heroine of *Way Down East*, when she was handed the rôle opposite Henry Fonda after an injury took Janet out of the cast. In her latest picture, *Show Them No Mercy*, she plays the part of a young wife and mother—and her performance is so outstanding that she will be starred in the title rôle of *Ramona*. Keep your eye on Rochelle. The girl with "the plastic face" (so-called because she can register any given emotion at any given moment) is going far!

The favorite protégée of the late Will Rogers, Rochelle is in her very early twenties, has one of Hollywood's most beautiful figures, has a flair for smart fashions—and was six years en route to her present eminence. When she started in films, she was too young to play anything but sub-deb rôles; also, she had no acting experience. If she had been less conscientious, less willing to learn what there was to learn about film-acting, she would never have lasted long enough to "become of age" in Hollywood. She never kidded herself into thinking that she could get by on looks alone. And, for a girl with Rochelle's "looks," that was an unusual attitude...

Edward Everett Horton (a real comedian, if anyone should ask you) holds a record no other player has ever equaled.

He has been a free-lance actor for fourteen years, never has been tied up with any company on one of those long-term contracts, will not play any rôle he does not like—and, if he does like it, asks (and gets) \$5,000 a week, with no reduction for cash.

It looks as if Mae West is the trail-blazer to the new winter playground of the stars. She has taken a fancy to Ensenada, the new resort below the Mexican border, and is going to build there. Having no liking for airplanes or steamships, she cannot get away for "quick vacations" to New York or Hawaii as other stars do—but she can reach Ensenada in that big car of hers in three hours. Now, other stars are asking questions about land prices there.

It is a little early to suggest Academy Award winners, but you can lay a bet that Victor McLaglen (for his performance in *The Informer*) and Edward Arnold (for his performance in *Diamond Jim*) will be in the running. And there is likely to be another special award for Shirley Temple... who has become the top favorite internationally in her second year of stardom.



Prepare for a pleasant little surprise when you see *Coronado*. The leading lady is a brand-new comer, named Betty Burgess, discovered in a Los Angeles high school

Warren William's health regimen requires him to drink fifteen glasses of water a day—and he hasn't foundered yet... George Brent, A-1 aviator, was afraid of riding on merry-go-rounds as a youngster! Incidentally, the dancing beauties at Warners, in a poll, voted for George as "Hollywood's most eligible bachelor"... Maureen O'Sullivan has one of those trick memories that enables her to memorize a full movie script by reading it only twice... William S. Hart, of two-gun film fame, has authored another book on the Old West, titled, "The Law on Horseback, and Other Stories"... Outrageously hilarious was that retort of Mrs. Pat Campbell's to the young and beautiful actress who bawled her out for forgetting a line: "My dear," said Mrs. Pat, sweetly, "how thin you are! You must have worms!"



Girls, be glad that you are not living back in the mid-1800's, because it took 128 yards of material and 348 yards of lace, not to mention horsehair braid, ribbon, etc., to make only *four* of the costumes of the period that Miriam Hopkins wore in *Barbary Coast* . . . Strange as it seems, there is a man working on Warners' *Captain Blood* set whose name really is Captain John Blood. He is six feet four and flew for the British in the war . . . James Cagney says that he trained so earnestly for his last two pictures that he gained a half-inch in height. Are you listening, Mr. Ripley?

Charles Boyer, scheduled to play opposite Marlene Dietrich in her next picture, may soon play *Haroun Al Raschid* in *The Arabian Nights*. In color, that should be a thrill . . . Marian Marsh believes that "tight" coiffures are due for an eclipse. In Columbia's *Crime and Punishment*, she is wearing her hair loose and wavy—and the novelty, think we, may start a fad . . . The newest legend about Cecil B. De Mille (who, by the way, is about to produce *Buffalo Bill*—probably with Gary Cooper as the star) is that he has a trick spotlight under his desk, which he can suddenly focus on any actor or actress who enters to be interviewed. "And is it startling!" exclaims one who claims to know. . . .

Because there are about 12,500 "extra" players registered at the Central Casting Bureau, and because it is a BIG day when as many as five hundred of them receive calls, the Bureau heads have adopted new tactics to bring down the total. They are sending out successions of form letters to all registered "extras," advising them how tough the game is (just as though most of them didn't know it already!), in the hope that many of the 12,500 will throw up the sponge and go back home, wherever that is. "Save in a very few exceptional instances," one typical letter points out, "it is an impossibility for any individual to make an actual living from motion picture 'extra' work."

In Hollywood, population figures show, there are about 3,000 more women than men. And that includes screen beauties. And that means that a girl in Hollywood, even though she may have been a Garbo in her own home-town, has a slim chance  
[Continued on page 13]

C-1 • PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN PARKINSON, LONDON



*Double Mint Gum*  
just naturally helps  
make a beautiful mouth

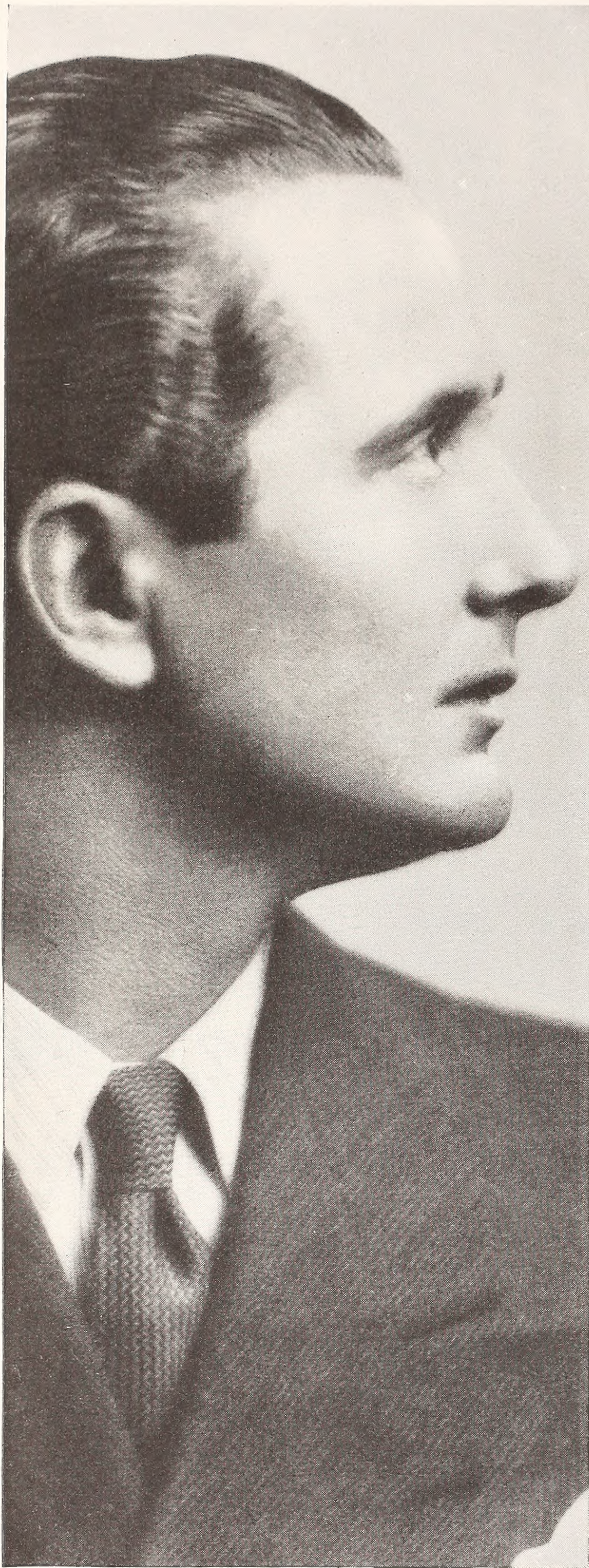


IT'S THE CHEWING EXERCISE THAT DOES IT!



Lionel Barrymore as *Scrooge* in Dickens' *Christmas Carol*—here is a radio treat in store for you on Christmas Day. And, by contract, for the next five!





Exclusive Portrait by Chidnoff, New York

# New Hero

**H**AVE you seen—and heard—Nino Martini? If you haven't, you will soon be conscious that you have missed a sensation. If you *have* seen him, you know that here—at last—is something new in heroes.

He has just made his bow in a picture called *Here's to Romance*. It is a pleasant little picture, not at all sensational in story or characters. But it packs one terrific surprise—Nino Martini.

In the first place, few men have the right to be as handsome as he is. But few men have the inner radiance that he has—a radiance that lights up his whole face. And he sings as few men can.

● UNTIL now, on the screen, you have had to content yourself with singing heroes who looked like college boys, night-club entertainers or robust products of the great open spaces. But here is a singing hero who might wear the mantle of *Romeo*—young, sensitive *Romeo*.

Until now, on the screen, you have heard few men sing of love without surges of sentimentality. But here is a man who can put depth into a love song, even such a pale love song as the one that gives his first feature picture its title. He has a voice that is capable of powerful emotion. And if you don't think he is capable of doing things to *your* emotions, hear him sing *Ridi, Pagliacci* in *Here's to Romance*.

It isn't a love song, and you may not understand the words (which are in Italian), but when *Pagliacci's* ironic hymn of heartbreak pours forth from Martini, your emotions play tricks on you, tricks they never have played before. You lose yourself in his sweep of emotion.

He will change a great many ideas of what a singing hero should be.

● OR an operatic hero, for that matter. For if opera is to come to the screen, Nino Martini looks like the most logical man to bring it. Not only does he have a great voice; he is handsome, youthful, slender.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, audiences used to sit with closed eyes when great voices sang romantic arias. The difficulty was that the singers were well past the romantic age—and great girths usually accompanied the great voices. Now Martini is there, and audiences keep their eyes open. They literally "wake up and dream." . . . And movie audiences will do likewise.

In *Here's to Romance*, he may not have the acting finesse of a Leslie Howard, but he is far more relaxed, far more natural, in the final sequences than in the first. He even has possibilities as an actor.

What, I ask you, is to stop him from becoming a top film favorite—except weak, incredible stories? And may the fates spare him those!

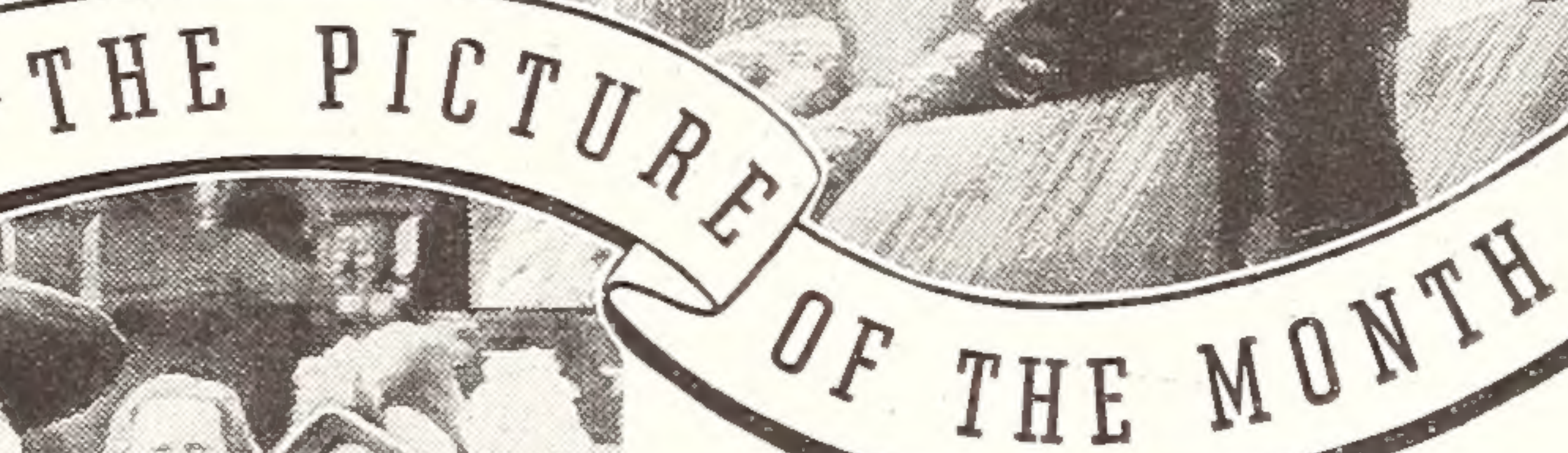
James E. Reid



# CAPTAIN BLOOD"

The buccaneers are coming!...in Warner

A vertical collage of ten black and white portraits of actors from the Western genre. The portraits are arranged in a slightly overlapping, vertical sequence. From top to bottom, the actors are: Clint Eastwood (wearing a cowboy hat), John Wayne (with a mustache), a man with a beard and a wide-brimmed hat, Clint Eastwood (wearing a cowboy hat), a man with a mustache, a man with a mustache and a wide-brimmed hat, a man with a mustache, a man with a mustache, a man with a mustache, and a woman with dark hair. The portraits are set against a plain, light background.



And the cast is just as exciting as the production! First there's a brand-new star, handsome *Errol Flynn*, captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely *Olivia de Havilland*

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!

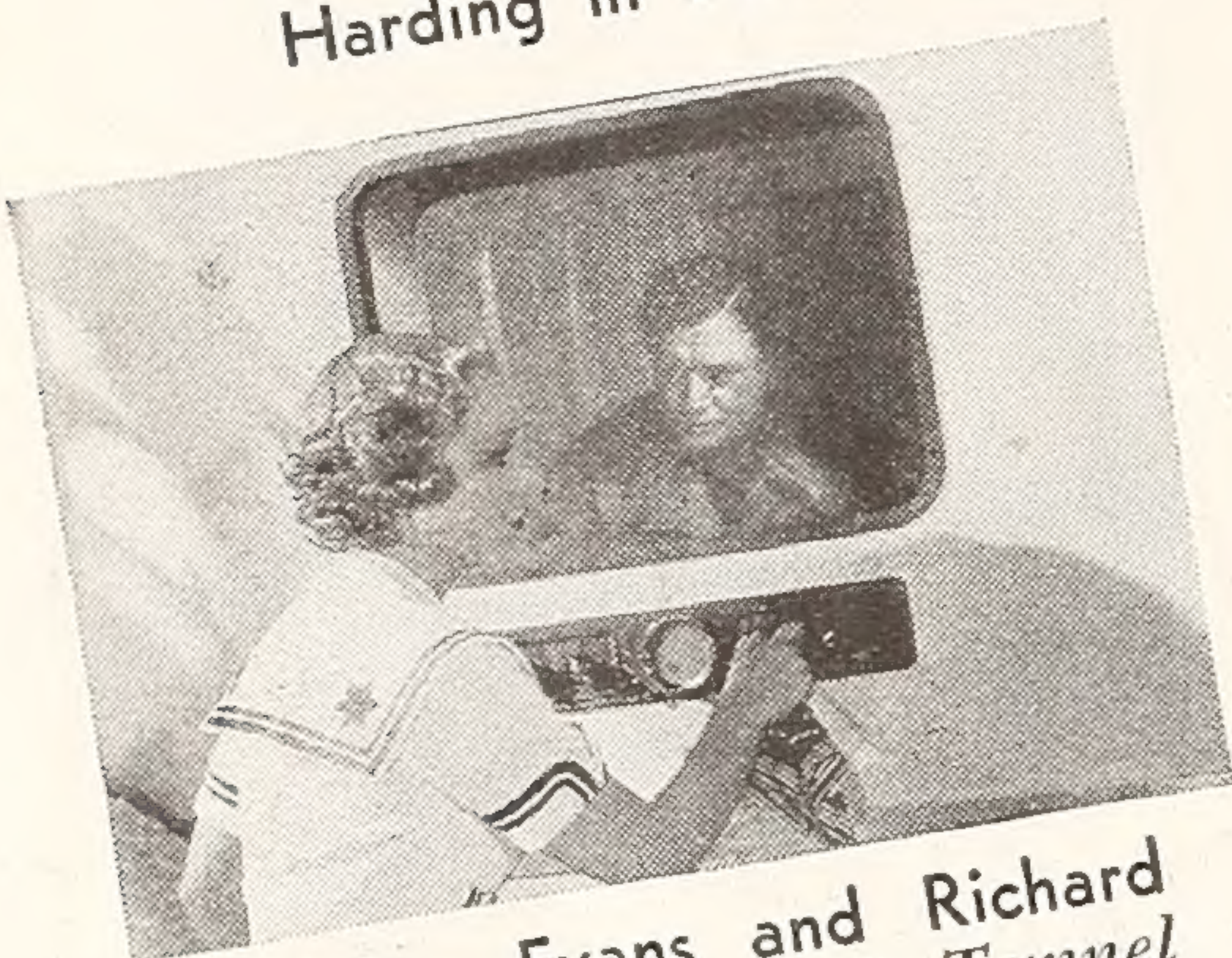


MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers,  
for your guidance, rate the new  
pictures as follows:

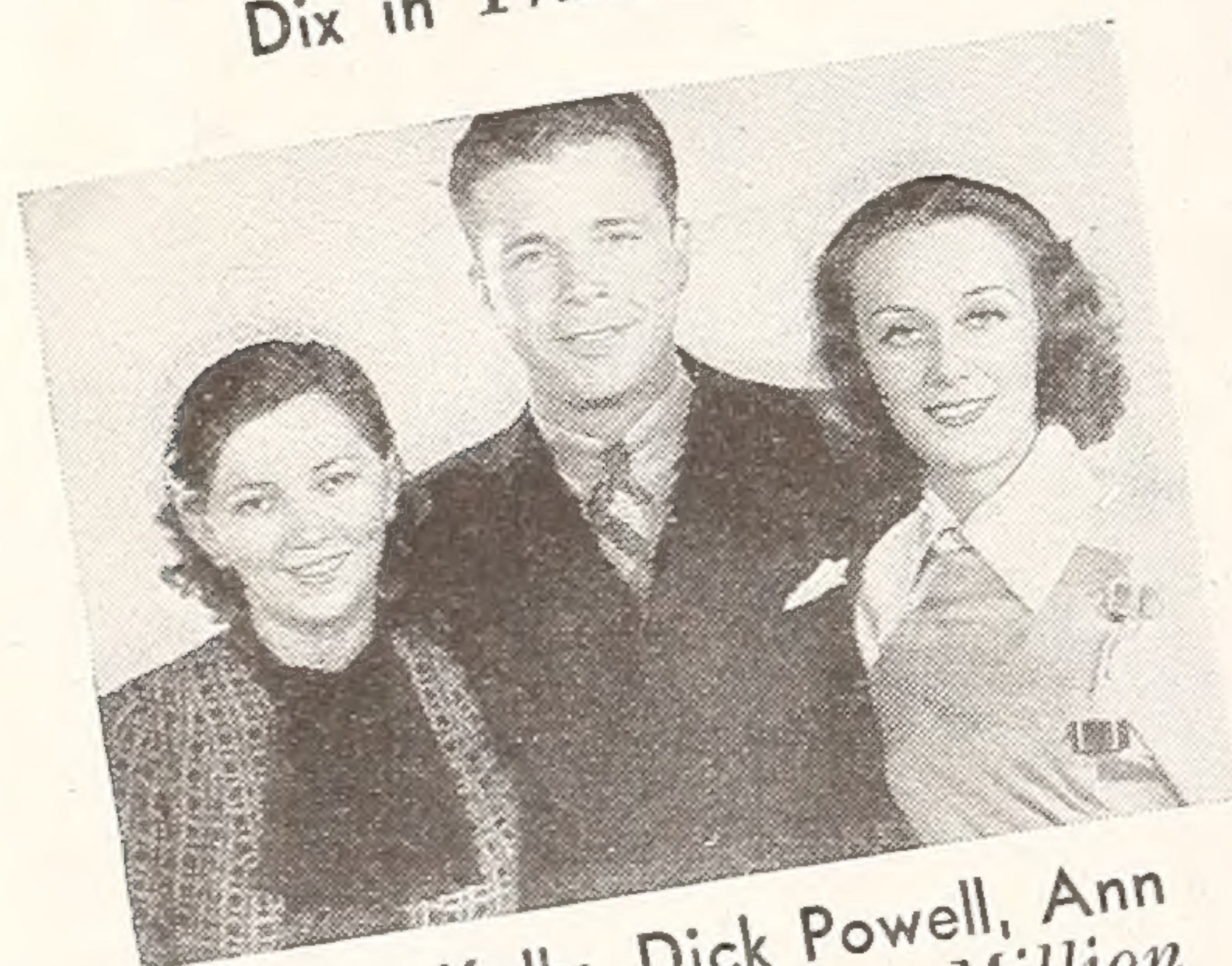
- • • • • Exceptional
- • • • • Excellent
- • • • • Good
- • • • • Skip it



Gary Cooper and Ann  
Harding in *Peter Ibbetson*



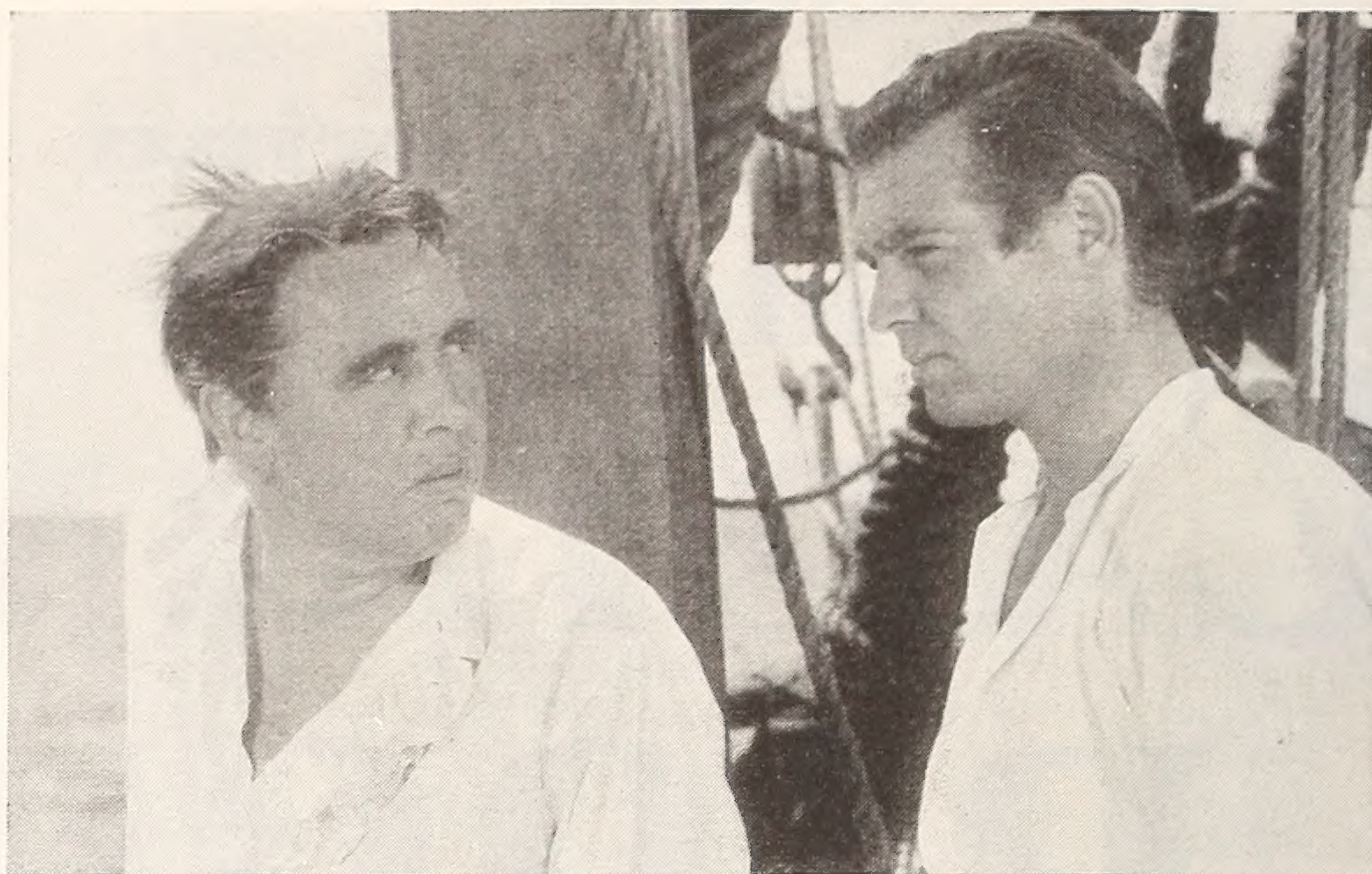
Madge Evans and Richard  
Dix in *Transatlantic Tunnel*



Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Ann  
Dvorak in *Thanks a Million*



Harpo, Chico, and Groucho  
Marx in *A Night at the Opera*



Charles Laughton as *Captain Bligh* and Clark Gable  
as *Fletcher Christian* in *Mutiny on the Bounty*

## Speaking of Movies...

• • • • • **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY** is one picture that you will never forget. It is one of the greatest things that Hollywood ever has done—or ever will do. It is an epic of mankind, haunting in its horror and its beauty. And its great story is greatly acted by a cast headed by Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.

Here is no imaginative fiction. Here is a chapter torn from life's own ledger . . . a chapter that reveals life's every emotion, with the surging sea for a background . . . a true chapter that epitomizes man's inhumanity to man, man's endless rebellion against injustice and man's longing for a paradise beyond the reach of brutality and battle.

The good sailing ship, *Bounty*, leaves England for the South Seas to gather breadfruit plants and take them to the West Indies for transplanting. The voyage is to take two years. But before the vessel ever reaches Tahiti, rebellion is smoldering aboard, kindled by the sadistic "discipline" of *Captain Bligh* (Laughton), whose iron hand beats down even the remonstrances of mate *Fletcher Christian* (Gable), who manages to keep the crew in hand. In Tahiti, the men discover an earthly paradise. (These scenes are breath-taking in their beauty.) Once at sea again, they mutiny, led by *Christian*, setting *Bligh* and his men adrift in an open boat. *Christian* forces *Byam*, a midshipman (Tone), to remain with him, as the men sail back to Tahiti. *Bligh*, after torturous difficulties, reaches England, sets out on a voyage of vengeance—with all but a few (*Byam*, among them) escaping to an inaccessible island, where they find unending peace. And *Byam*, in one of the great scenes of the picture, fights a lone battle for justice.

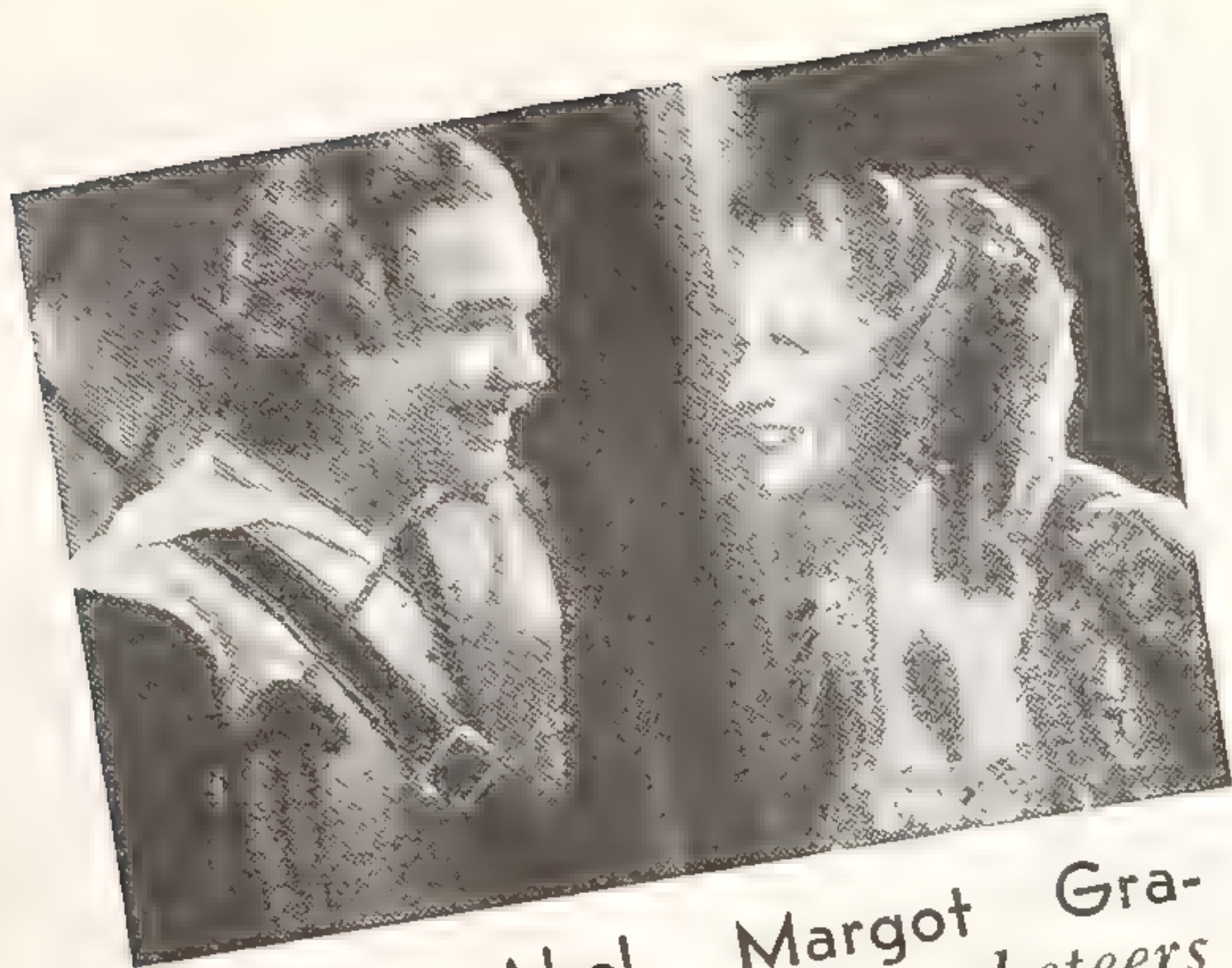
Program notes: The picture cost \$1,800,000, was two years in the making and was filmed in Tahiti and near Catalina Island, California. It is based on the book by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, directed by Frank Lloyd, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

• • • • • **Peter Ibbetson** is an unusual picture—poignantly and deeply emotional, with no break in its mood. It is a picture for the sensitive, the dreamers of dreams—and any and all admirers of Gary Cooper and Ann Harding, who give the most memorable performances of their respective careers. They live their rôles of two lovers, fated never to share earthly happiness, who find release in a dream-world, escaping cruel, harsh realities. Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler, as their younger selves, perform a touching childhood scene—and John Halliday, as Ann's unloved determined husband, also gives a performance not soon to be forgotten. (Paramount)

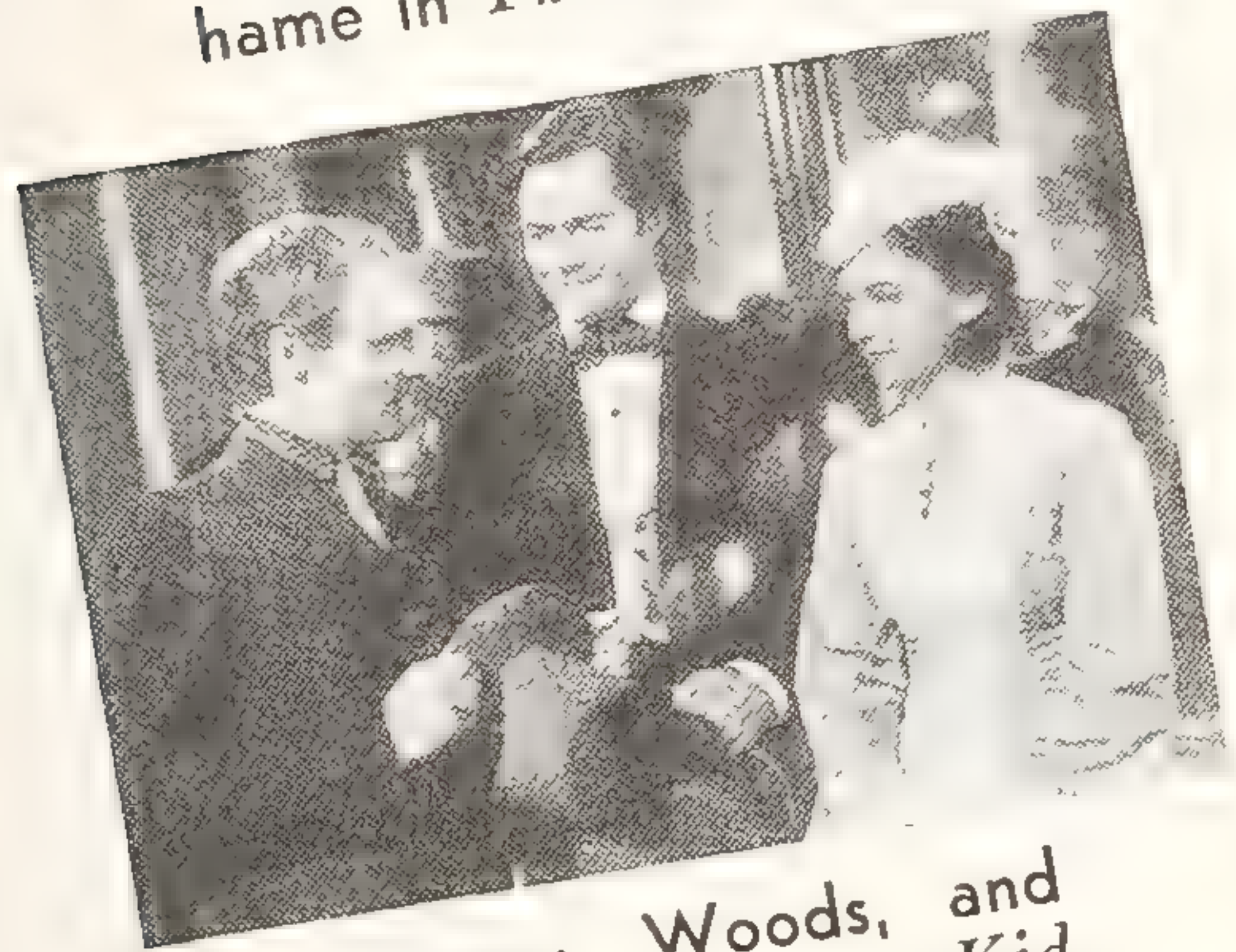
• • • • • **Transatlantic Tunnel** is powerful, dramatic entertainment in any film-goer's language—and, though made in England, abounds in players familiar to Americans. Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson and Leslie Banks head the strong cast, with even George Arliss and Walter Huston appearing in brief interludes as the British Premier and the President of the United States, respectively. The story races forward to the distant future and revolves around the construction of a gigantic tunnel from London to New York by an engineer whose devotion to duty costs him the sight of his wife and the loss of his son. Fascinating are the futuristic gadgets, including televisions, that are accepted as commonplaces by the characters. Emotionally stirring are the superhuman undersea struggle and the warmly human problems of a man and wife who are parted by his work. It is Dix's picture, but Madge Evans displays emotional depth that few pictures have given her a chance to reveal. (G-B)

• • • • • **Thanks a Million** is one of the cleverest comedies of the year—entertainment of the calibre of *Top Hat* and *Broadway Melody of 1936*. It is magnificent, merciless fun—with humor both broad and subtle—at the expense of politicians. Fred Allen, of "Town Hall" radio fame, looks like a permanent film fixture after his





Walter Abel, Margot Graham in *The Three Musketeers*



Cagney, Woods, and Lindsay in *Frisco Kid*

display of personality and comedy talent in this one. He is a stranded band-leader who becomes a campaign manager, with Dick Powell as his candidate for governor, and tours the state in the vaudeville manner—finally forcing the opposition to hire Paul Whiteman as competition. Patsy Kelly scores another hit as the comedy foil for Allen; Ann Dvorak is Dick Powell's gay heart interest; and a collection of smart entertainers, ranging from Rubinoff, the violinist, to the harmonizing, provocative Yacht Club Boys, all add to the robust merriment. You will be humming one of three songs when you leave the theatre—*Thanks a Million*, *Sitting High on a Hilltop* or *I've Got a Pocket Full of Sunshine*. Oh, yes, and Dick Powell has the most fun he has had in a year. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

• • • • A Night at the Opera is insane, uproarious farce and probably the funniest thing that the Marx Brothers—now three in number—have ever done. It offers everything from hilarious slapstick through sly puns to operatic arias (which, by the way, are not burlesqued, but are beautifully sung by Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones). It kids grand opera, yes, but lets you continue to like it, too. Groucho is a would-be operatic manager with troubles, and Chico and Harpo are two steamship stowaways who add to his comic woes. It is a picture that any man—and any woman with a mischievous sense of humor—would like. (M-G-M)

• • • • The Three Musketeers, talkie version, is romantic, exciting, enjoyable every inch of the way. As Alexandre Dumas wrote it, it was a great story—and, with few changes in its new screen translation, it still is a great story. The three inseparable soldiers of France—Athos, Aramis and Porthos—relive all of their high adventures with the daring d'Artagnan. In the role of d'Artagnan, Walter Abel is as believable and likable as another Hollywood stranger, Robert Donat, was in another Dumas story, *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Always at his el-

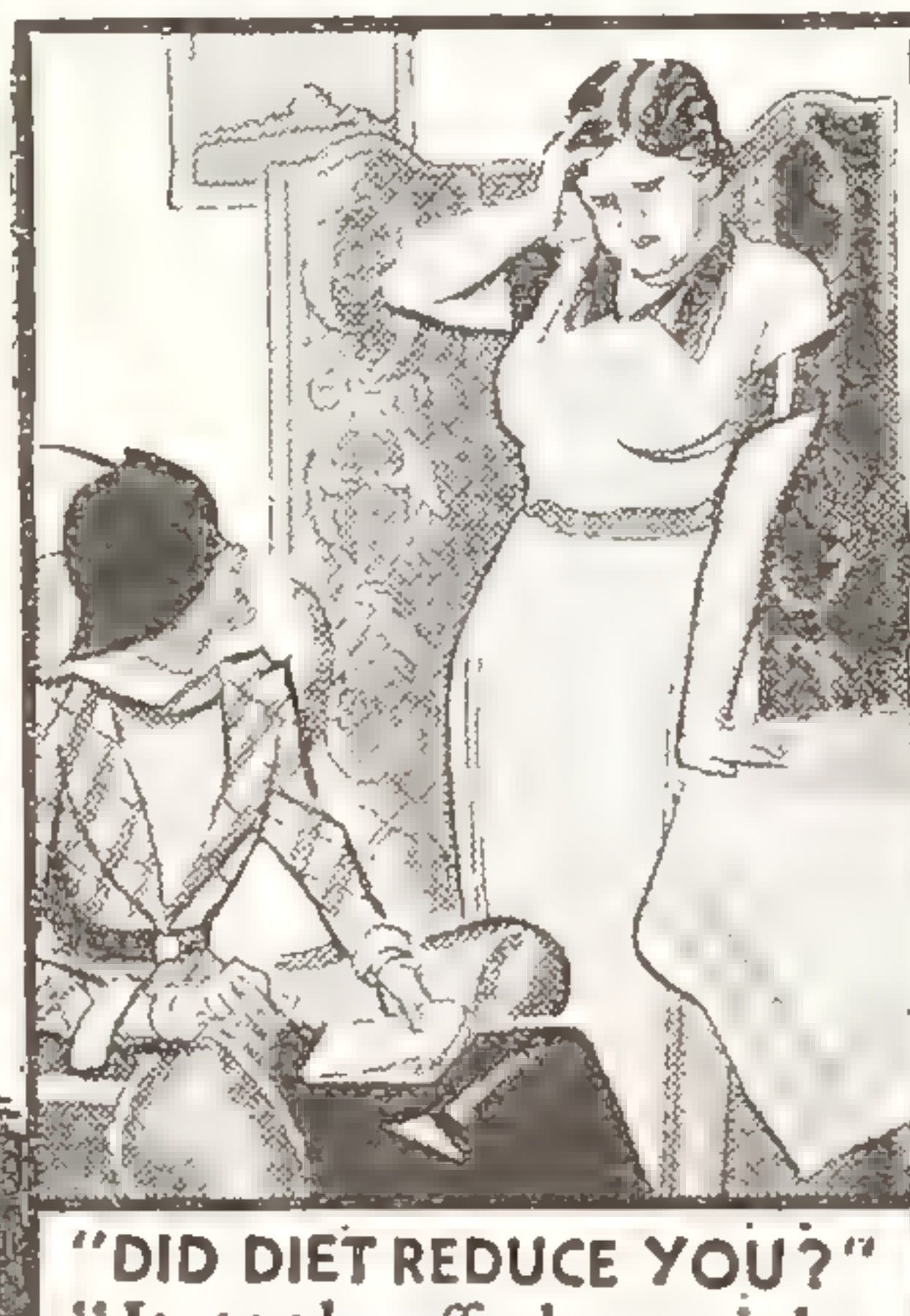
[Continued on page 15]

# The Roving Reporter

discovers the sure, safe way to reduce . . . THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE



"IS EXERCISE EFFECTIVE?"  
"I'm all tired out going through dozens of strenuous exercises. I have no pep left for any fun."



"DID DIET REDUCE YOU?"  
"It took off the weight, but chiefly from neck and face. I look like a scarecrow and I'm so irritable."



"DRUGS TAKE OFF FAT?"  
"Yes, too much of it, and now I can't get it back. I feel miserable most of the time and look haggard."

## Reduce YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 inches in 10 days..or no cost!

WOULD YOU like to have the slender, graceful figure so admired by everyone? Of course you would! Our roving reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer. Yet many go about it in a way to get unpleasant, and even harmful results. Profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the safe Perfolastic way! You will appear smaller immediately and then, after a few days those unwanted inches actually disappear. Remember, you lose 3 pounds in 10 days . . . or it costs you nothing!

### Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ The healthful, invigorating principle of massage is the basis of Perfolastic's great success. The special Perfolastic material is so designed that it exerts a gentle massage-like action on your flesh. With every move you make, every breath you take, this massage-like action takes away those extra inches, and with the loss of burdensome fat comes added energy and pep.

### No Diet . . . No Drugs . . . No Exercises

■ All this is accomplished without any discomfort or effort on your part. You do not have to deny yourself the good things of life. You eat what you want and take as much—or as little—exercise as you wish. Yet the extra inches disappear from waist, hips and diaphragm with a rapidity that is amazing!

### Perforations Keep Your Body Cool

■ The inner surface of the special Perfolastic material is soft and delightfully silky to feel next to your body. The many perforations allow your skin to breathe and moisture to evaporate without the usual sticky-corset unpleasantness. The specially designed lace-back keeps your Perfolastic fitting perfectly as the inches disappear.

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See for yourself that Perfolastic is the sure, safe, invigorating way to reduce! Remember, it costs you nothing to try it!



"WHAT DID PERFOLASTIC DO FOR YOU, MISS HEALY?"

"I lost 9 ins. from my hips and 20 lbs. in weight. I feel so much better and I eat everything."



**DON'T WAIT! Mail this coupon now. You, too, can regain your slender, youthful figure!**

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

**10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard



# New Shopping Finds!

The Shopping Scouts have scouted far and wide this month for last-minute "Christmas suggestions." Here are seventeen that appealed to us. We'll be glad to send you the name of any article pictured here, if you write to the Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Merry Christmas!



1. A luscious-looking jar of bath salts with clear pink crystal appearance. Jar will have a hundred uses when empty. \$2.50.

2. A new kit of eye beauty-aids includes mascara, eyebrow pencil, eyeshadow, tonic, and eyelash brush. An inexpensive gift, 50c.

3. A perfume with a warm, rich bouquet odeur which has a definite overtone of carnation and blending of rose and jasmine. In a stunning case! \$4.50.

4. Simple, dignified silver case carrying a famous make of lipstick and rouge is ultra-smart, with space for monogram, \$1.50.

5. For an intimate gift, this famous cream would be most acceptable. Excellent quality, and a lovely-looking jar. 50c.

6. A perfume as new as the tunes you will dance to tonight! It inspires poise and charm, and provokes romance. We gave samples to many of our readers last month, and how they loved it! \$3.75.

7. In a jar of smart simplicity, this fine facial cream joins the Yuletide gift parade. Grand to use! \$1.

8. An evening bag of gold mesh, with brilliant top and clasp, will make any girl go into raptures! It carries a sense of richness and beauty. \$10.

9. For the man on your gift list, we take delight in telling of this newspaper holder with its suggestion of early morning. If he must read at breakfast, here's the pleasant solution! \$1.50.

10. Every little girl will adore this set of two Shirley Temple statuettes molded from purest castile soap, standing in a miniature theatre. One figure has blue trimmings, one has red. 60c.

11. Exquisite package of pink and silver with foundation cream that is a perfect complement to the gossamer powder. \$3.75.

12. A drop of this perfume suffices! It is in an undiluted, concentrated essence form that is rare and beautiful. All held in unique book-like case. Each vial named after a famous woman of French history, or a beloved flower. Gift de luxe at \$15, or one small bottle, \$2.50.

13. "A Gift from Hollywood," says the colorful cover of this powder box. Very intriguing gift idea from a famous house. \$1.

14. Flexible white case packed with cream, lotions, powder and other make-up is an excellent gift choice. All packed with gay red ribbon and holly. Compact and complete. \$3.

15. This skin perfume with its useful atomizer, gaily packed, would grace any Christmas tree. Delicate lily scent! \$1.85.

16. This perfume ensemble has three lovely scents to suit various moods of the recipient. Gold and orchid case. \$3.75.

17. A dark blue powder box with silver butterflies, and a bottle of perfume. Low cost, plus fine quality. \$1.50.



## They're the Topics

[Continued from page 7]

of being dated every night in movieland. It's a nice break for the boys, but!— . . . Harry Carey, after twenty-five years on the screen, says that stars are *not* as beautiful today as they were in the old days—even though they "achieve a great resemblance to beauty." Gun licenses, girls, cost \$2 up . . . Harry, however, is doing something that no other man in Hollywood has yet thought of doing. He has a young daughter and is looking forward to her becoming an actress some day. With this in mind, he has it written in every contract that, wherever he goes in making a picture, she can go, too—and absorb the technique.

Have you become accustomed yet to saying "Joan Tone"? It isn't obligatory—for she will continue to be Joan Crawford on the screen. Incidentally, she was just becoming accustomed to *that* name, herself, ten years ago today. M-G-M had run a contest to find a name for their new "find," Lucille Le Sueur—and the winning name, it had been decided, was "Joan Arden." A real Joan Arden had turned up with objections, however, so a second name was chosen. The name was "Joan Crawford," submitted by a little old lady in New York. The little old lady received \$500.

Speaking of back when you may not have heard this story: Not too many years ago, Mae West was featured in the big-time vaudeville in New York City and was panicking the customers with her dance, "Texas Tommy." On the same bill at the opening matinee was a youthful dancing team—a boy and girl. The youngsters' act was cancelled after the matinee, the manager deciding that they were not good enough for the big-time. The team was Fred and Adele Astaire.

The latest social stunt of the movie colony is to stage B.Y.O. (meaning Bring Your Own) parties. It was introduced by Joseph Breen (he passes judgment on

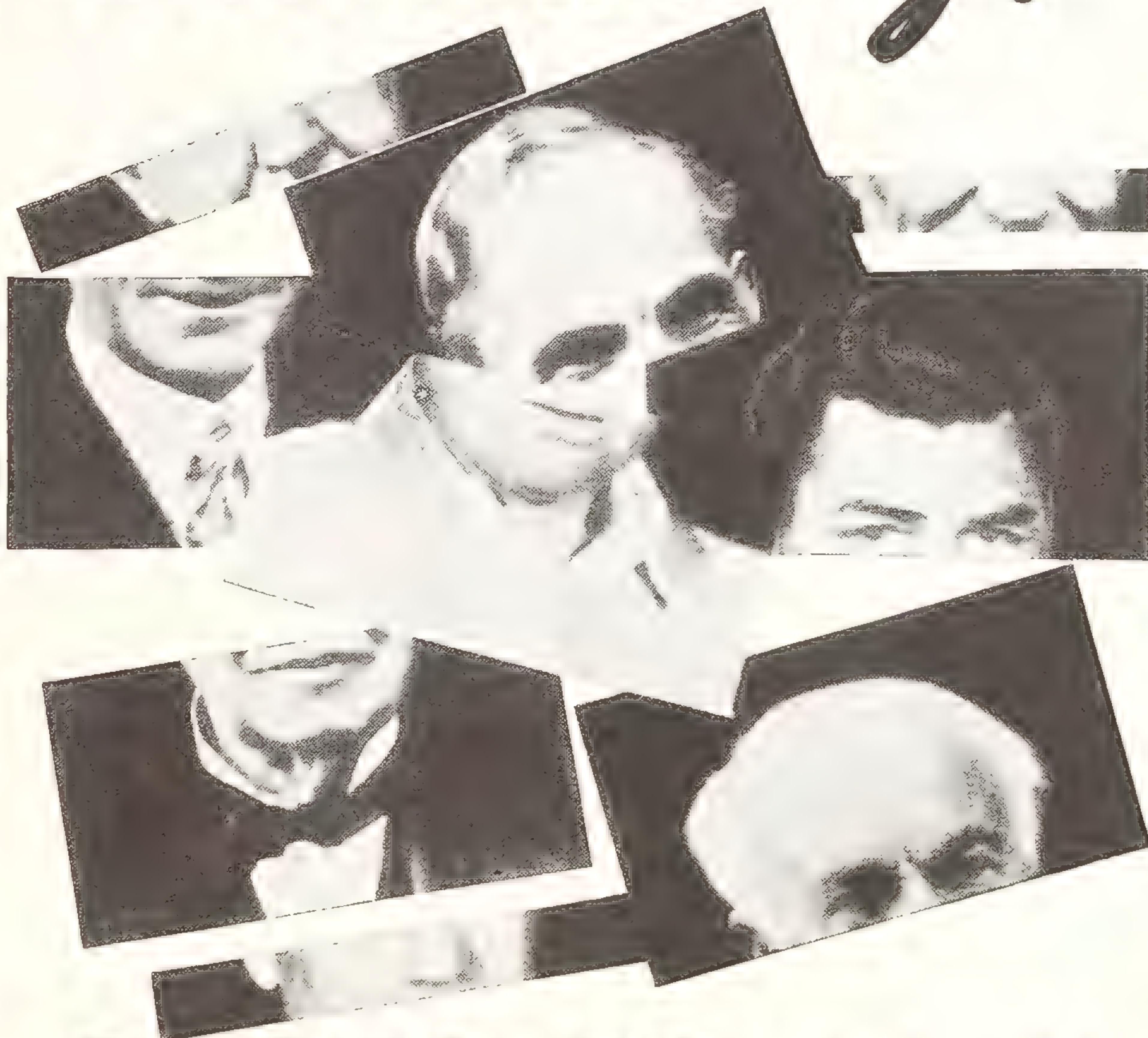
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Acme

Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone—Joan Crawford to you—couldn't dodge photographers even on their honeymoon. Here's proof!

# Who are They?

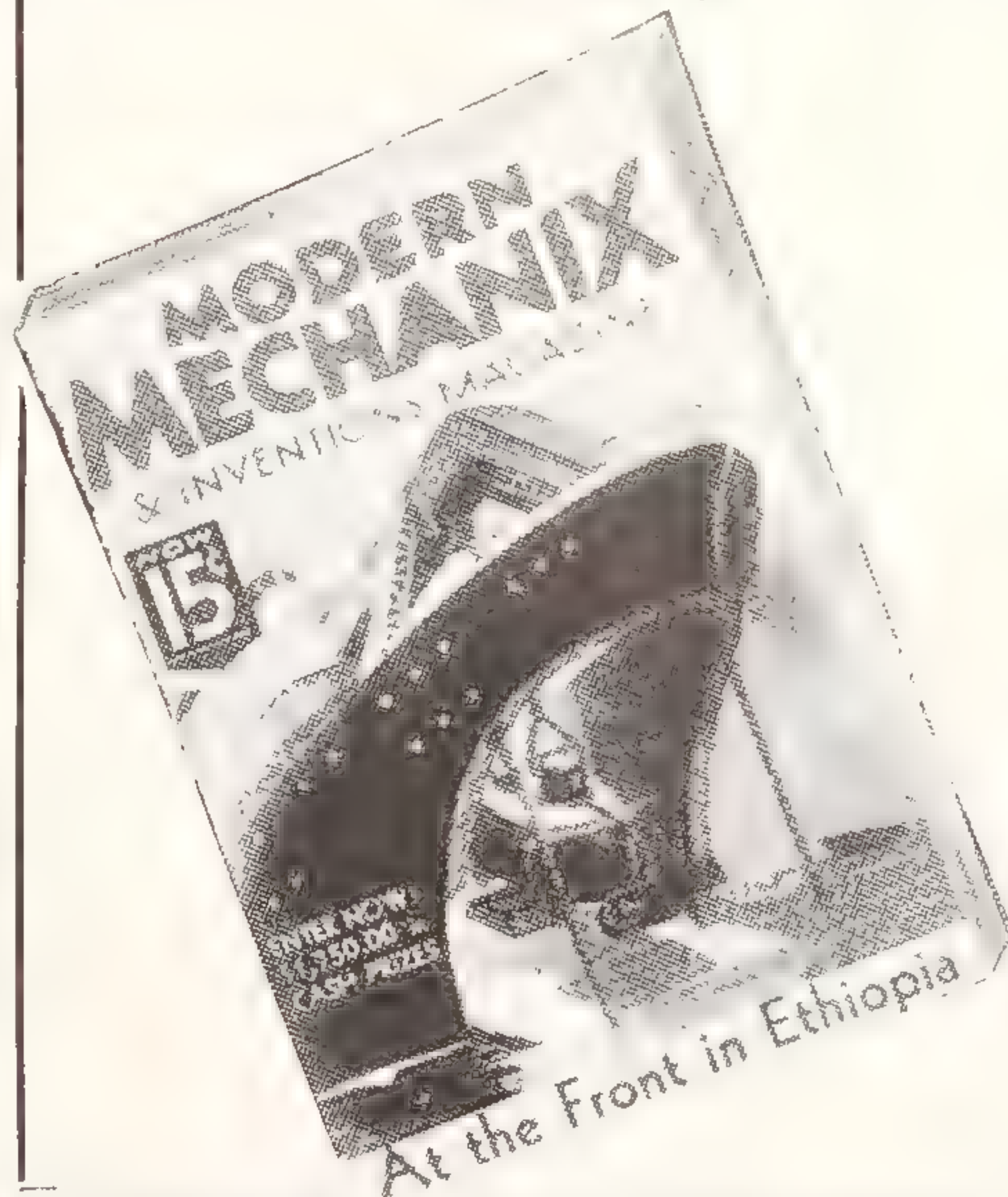


**\$1750.00 CASH**  
FOR THE CORRECT ANSWERS  
**123 CHANCES TO WIN**  
IN THIS BIG CONTEST

You know them well—the nine mystery men whose pictures are scrambled here.

Simply identify these famous aviators, inventors, sports champions, and industrial leaders to enter this fascinating contest.

Simple contest rules give everyone an equal chance to win. All nine jumbled photographs and the simple questionnaire to be filled out by contest entrants are given in the big JANUARY issue.



**MODERN  
MECHANIX**  
& INVENTIONS MAGAZINE

Also in the January issue  
Feature articles on

SPORTS  
SCIENCE

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INVENTIONS

**15c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS**





## An 8" x 10" Enlargement of Your Favorite Photograph for only 25¢

Here is the biggest bargain that ever came your way — a first-class, professional 8" x 10" enlargement of your favorite photograph for only 25¢ and coupons from Ranch Romances Magazine. Such an enlargement would cost you \$1., probably more, in any regular camera store. Read the rest of this advertisement and mail the coupon for free sample copy in which you will find full particulars.

## \$500. CASH AND A ROUND TRIP TO BERMUDA for Best Pictures!

Not only can you get a beautiful enlargement for only 25¢, but you may win a very valuable prize. Fifty-six cash prizes and a grand prize of a round trip to Bermuda on palatial Furness Bermuda liner, will be awarded to the pictures which a board of artists and photographers consider have the greatest interest and pictorial value, received during the period named in Ranch Romances.

You have a photograph which you are specially fond of. Take advantage of this opportunity to get a fine enlargement of it for next to nothing, and perhaps win a prize as well.

### RANCH ROMANCES

contains the finest romantic "western" stories published anywhere today. You will get hours of keen enjoyment out of every issue—more enjoyment we believe than you have ever gotten from any other fiction magazine. (On sale at all good newsstands—15¢.) We want you to become acquainted with it at our expense—

### Send this coupon NOW

for free sample copy that will give you full details about the picture enlargements and the prize contest.

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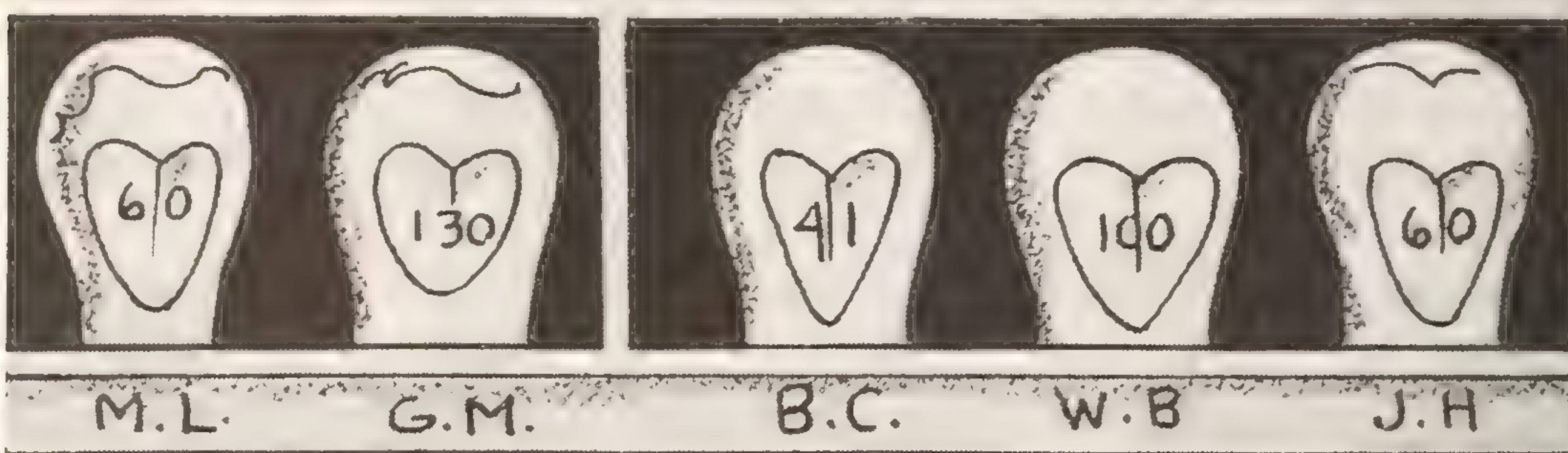
Send me, free, copy of your magazine containing all details of the 25 cent photograph enlargement and the cash prize contest.

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M. P.



# Wooden Heads of Hollywood

BY WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

**T**HE wooden heads of Hollywood! Hundreds of them! To be exact, five hundred of them—all in a row. No thought ever troubles the dumb placidity of their existence; no stimulating idea—no idea at all, for that matter—ever disturbs their cerebral vacuity; they don't even bother to "yes" anybody.

Yet, intriguingly enough, these wooden heads are a very important factor in the making of motion pictures.

They inhabit the House of Westmore, the most famous wig establishment in the world, and they are the wooden facsimiles of the heads of the stars—the models upon which the Westmore wig-makers create the wigs used by the stars when the screen characters they portray are radically different from their own.

One of the odd things about this Westmore collection is that some of these heads may be used for a number of different stars whose bumps, phrenologically speaking, are similar.

Wigs for Elizabeth Allan and Dolores Del Rio are made on the same wooden block; Bing Crosby shares his with Sid Silvers, the comedian; romantic Charles Boyer and "heavy" Stanley Fields have heads the same shape and size; Julie Haydon and Madame Maria Jeritza find themselves in the cranium company of Harpo Marx; the heads of Olivia de Havilland and Marion Davies are alike.

Nobody else in Hollywood can use Clive Brooks' highly individual model. O. P. Heggie has the most nearly perfect head; Mae West has the smallest; and Clark Gable, Constance Bennett, and Blanche Yurka have the largest heads in Hollywood. Shirley Temple's head is a runner-up.

In the Westmore wig department are twenty-five hundred pounds of hair, imported from Europe. (It's a case of hair today, gone tomorrow, with the peasants of Europe!) Most of the black hair comes from Russia. Blonde hair and red hair come from the buxom German ladies, and an assortment of colors comes from Italy. The Westmores pay about seventy-five dollars a pound for ordinary hair. White hair, or natural platinum, brings twenty-five dollars an ounce up.

When the hair is admitted to the United States, after going through quarantine at Ellis Island exactly like any immigrant, it is sent immediately to the Westmores in Los Angeles, where it is washed

in soap and water, put through various softening processes, then dried and combed. After all kinks and short combings are settled with, the strands are "drawn." This means that some long-suffering soul in the workroom actually places all the roots of the hair together, which is some job.

In the making of a wig, each single, individual strands of hair is sewn by hand on the wig foundation—which is made of imported ribbon, gauze, net and hair-lace, and fitted exactly to the wooden replica of a star's head. The girl who puts the hair in the wig is known as a "ventilator." She works with a needle similar to that of a crochet hook, tying a knot in each hair.

The Westmore brother who goes by the name of Perc is the hair and wig expert of this famous family. When he is not busy as director of the Warner Brothers-First National make-up department, he is in the Westmore salon, personally creating wigs for screen use and new hair styles for off-screen wear by the stars. He recently completed a monumental task—the creation of all the wigs for *Captain Blood*, the Warner Brothers spectacle of high adventure on the Spanish Main.

● ANENT modern hair styles, Perc Westmore—coiffure counselor to Hollywood—says: "Simplicity is the main essential of a startling coiffure. And simplicity is always in good taste. An infallible rule to follow in hairdressing is to make the hair conform with the head, the shape of the head, the way the head is carried; and, most important of all, it should be in harmony with the body carriage. A short, dumpy person should never have a 'streamline' hairdress. A woman who is slim, breezy, and who moves with an air of easy speed, *should* have a streamlined hairdress.

"Spit curls are the essence of bad taste. Nothing worse could be seen on any head.

"The new hair styles indicate that the wind-blown effect is going out," he adds. "Hair will be dressed high at the back of the head, very similar to the Helen-of-Troy coiffure. A woman who wears her hair high in back also has the added advantage of being able to effect an immediate change of coiffure, just by adding a few bits of false hair. And simply by covering up the sports curls worn in the daytime, she can achieve the stunning Grecian type of hairdress for the evening."



## Speaking of Movies . . .

[Continued from page 11]

bow, lending him staunch support, are Paul Lukas as *Athos*, Onslow Stevens as *Aramis*, and Moroni Olsen as *Porthos*. Rosamond Pinchot as *Anne of Austria* and Heather Angel, as *Constance*, also are outstanding, but it is Margot Grahame, as the infamous *Milady de Winter*, who captures the feminine honors, with a performance as flawless in every detail as that of Abel—who is headed for stardom. (RKO-Radio)

• • • • **Frisco Kid** gives James Cagney one of the most colorful rôles he has ever had and he makes every ounce of drama in it count. The setting, like that of *Barbary Coast*, is San Francisco in the early gold rush days, when it was "every man for himself." Cagney is a fighting sailor who outwits gangsters and political bosses and makes himself the uncrowned king of all he surveys. Pared down to its essentials, the picture is a tale of good versus evil, of vigilantes versus vice—a vigorous, virile, exciting tale, which has adventure, romance, comedy, pathos. George E. Stone, as a Jewish clothes dealer who befriends Cagney, gives a magnificent portrayal, tinged with both pathos and comedy. Margaret Lindsay, as Cagney's beloved, is appealingly natural. Ricardo Cortez is excellent as a suave gambler. Donald Woods, Lili Damita, Joseph King, Barton MacLane, and Fred Kohler make their rôles stand out. And the whole cast makes the picture a standout. (Warners)

• • • •  $\frac{1}{2}$  **Annie Oakley** is an absorbing film novelty—a colorful, many-sided screen biography of a backwoods beauty from Ohio who became Show-woman No. 1 of the world as the ace sharpshooter of the old Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. Barbara Stanwyck, escaping trivial dramas, gives everything she has to the rôle—making *Annie* warmly human, completely real. Preston Foster is no less excellent as her blustering, but big-hearted masculine rival who comes a-wooing. Moroni Olsen is *Buffalo Bill* to the life, and Melvyn Douglas gives sensitive shading to the rôle of the circus manager whose love for *Annie* is unrequited. This is a picture that proves that Hollywood has a picture gold-mine in true stories of the colorful "good old days." (RKO-Radio)

• • • •  $\frac{1}{2}$  **Hands Across the Table** is an amusing, appealing, fast-moving comedy, with situations as real as life. Carole Lombard is a manicurist who is determined to marry for money; Fred MacMurray is a society lad fallen on hard times, who has the same determination—and they discover that they love each other. Both stars are grand. (Paramount)

• • • • **The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo** reveals smooth Ronald Colman in a light romantic mood, as an exiled Russian prince who wins millions at the gaming tables and then stops gambling, only to fall in love with an entertainer (Joan Bennett) who is being paid to try to part him from his money—and can't play the game because she falls in love with him. But Colin Clive (the villain!) gets him back to Monte Carlo, makes a pauper of him. Colman becomes a taxi-driver in Paris, where he decides to have one final ironic fling in the cafe where Joan is singing. Fade-out: happy ending. A light, un-

important story, it is deftly handled and is constantly entertaining. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

• • • • **Rendezvous** is a noble attempt to make another picture of the calibre of *The Thin Man*, which falls only inches short because Rosalind Russell, poised and intelligent, is miscast as the not-so-bright fiancée of William Powell, secret government agent. The setting is wartime; the story, alternately exciting and hilarious; the acting, excellent. (M-G-M)

• • • • **Show Them No Mercy** is tense drama, with a G-man theme. Rochelle Hudson and Edward Norris, with their young baby, traveling across the country, stop for the night in what looks like a deserted house. It happens to be the hideout of a kidnap gang, headed by Cesar Romero and Bruce Cabot, who hold them prisoners. The two gang chiefs carry most of the acting burden, but Rochelle as the terrified young wife and mother, gives an emotional, highly believable performance. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

• • • • **I Found Stella Parish** is Kay Francis' first picture in months. It reveals her in several new coiffures and several stunning new gowns—and a young-mother rôle. For the sake of her child (Sybil Jason), she gives up London stage fame and disappears, going to America, where she is found by an English reporter (Ian Hunter), who discovers why she vanished, tells all, and then discovers he loves her. The youngster steals the picture, because she is the most real. (Warners)

• • • • **In Person** is just what Ginger Rogers' vast audience ordered—a clever, fast-moving comedy that gives her talent a chance to shine by itself. She dances, she sings, she gives a deft performance as a fiery, super-feminine film actress who is "tamed" by suave, smiling George Brent. (RKO-Radio)

• • • • **\$1,000 a Minute** is improbable, but laughable—a pulse-stirring satire on *Brewster's Millions*. Roger Pryor, who has just lost his job and his girl, is given an assignment by two wager-crazy millionaires to try to spend \$1,000 a minute for twelve hours. Keeping just one jump ahead of the police, who think he must have committed a big bank holdup, Pryor dives into his assignment. (Republic)

And don't miss: • • • • **A Midsummer Night's Dream**, Warner Brothers' magnificent screen version of Shakespeare's great fantasy, with a cast full of stars. • • • • **The Crusades**, Cecil B. De Mille's vivid, if overlong spectacle of life and love and war in the Middle Ages, featuring Henry Wilcoxon, Loretta Young and Ian Keith. • • • • **Metropolitan**, which brings Lawrence Tibbett and his glorious voice back to the screen in a light, but believable story of backstage life at the Opera. • • • • **Barbary Coast**, the rousing, robust drama of life and love in early San Francisco, revolving around Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, and Joel McCrea. • • • • **'Way Down East**, sensitive and poignant drama of young love in old New England, beautifully acted by Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson.

## Seven Years of Constipation!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

*Bernice G. Rutting*  
NOTARY PUBLIC

"I had a most stubborn case of constipation, seven years of it, for which I tried almost everything."



"I was growing steadily worse until I read about Yeast Foam Tablets and decided to try them."

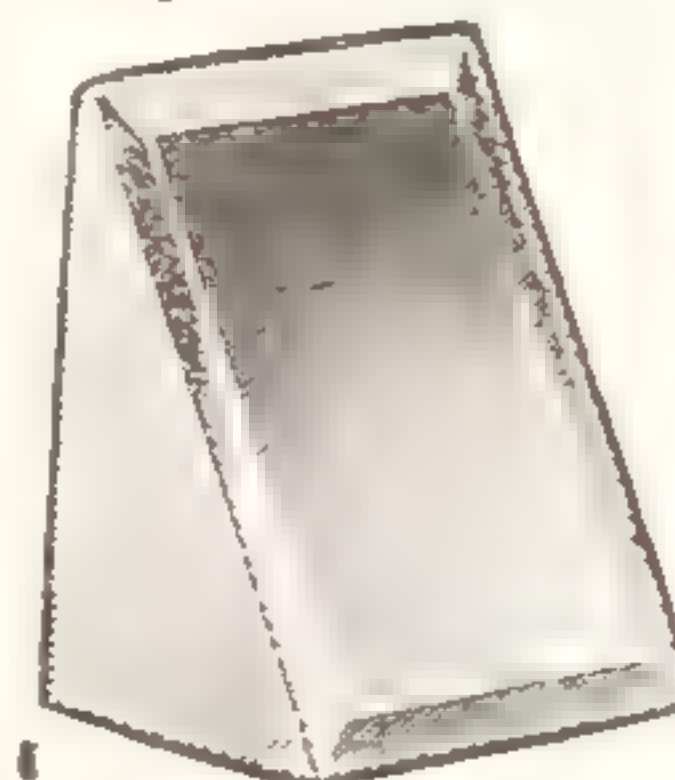


"In a short time I was entirely regulated. I have regained my old energy."



**I**MPORTANT to you is what Yeast Foam Tablets actually do, not what we say about them. So we bring you this true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of these pleasant yeast tablets.

Rich in precious tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the intestines and stimulate them to normal action. A food, not a drug, they correct constipation in a natural healthful way. How different from harsh cathartics which often irritate! Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.



**FREE!** Lovely Tilted Mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.

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I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send the handy tilted make-up mirror.

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# BID THAT COLD BE GONE!

**Oust it Promptly with This  
Fourfold Treatment!**

**B**EWARE of a cold—even a slight cold—and any cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don't be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That's common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

## Fourfold Effect

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Bromo Quinine—and the few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense. Ask firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.

**A Cold is an  
Internal Infection  
and Requires  
Internal  
Treatment**



# GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

# Six to See

Interesting people do interesting things  
... and here are a half-dozen new examples!



**James Cagney**—America's favorite hard-surfaced, soft-hearted hero—at last has chances to prove the variety of his talents. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he plays the buffoonish *Bottom*, who has to wear a donkey's head. In *Frisco Kid*, he is an adventurous early Californian. Soon he will be *Robin Hood*, beloved bandit.



**Marian Marsh** won her first film fame, playing *Trilby* to John Barrymore's *Svengali*. Ever since then, she has found herself typed as the sweet, weak heroine. But now she has the chance to prove her dramatic depth as *Sonya* in the picturization of Dostoevski's powerful story, *Crime and Punishment*—directed by movie-magician Josef von Sternberg.



**Katharine Hepburn**, for all her personal eccentricities (such as wearing overalls to work, sitting on curbstones to read her mail, etc.), has always been ultra-feminine on the screen. But now, in *Sylvia Scarlett*, she portrays a girl who masquerades in boys' clothing. She has unexpected adventures with Brian Aherne and Cary Grant.



**Irene Dunne**, model of charm to millions, has not been seen on the screen since she sang *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* in *Roberta*. But she is likely to make up for lost time as heroine of Lloyd C. Douglas' *Magnificent Obsession*. Then, after a month's vacation in New York, she will sing Jerome Kern songs again—in *Show Boat*.



**Ronald Colman**, who sacrificed his mustache to play *Clive of India*, has sacrificed it again to play *Sidney Carton* in Dickens' dramatic masterpiece, *A Tale of Two Cities*. Again he lives a great love and meets tragedy—in a historic setting. Then, for contrast, he is in a light mood for *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*.



**Jean Parker**, only nineteen, has a wistful charm that few can resist. It has made her one of the top ten favorites today, according to CLASSIC's recent popularity poll. But in her newest picture, she is a bit more adult—and not a bit less charming. In fact, she is Robert Donat's first American leading lady—in *The Ghost Goes West*.



## They're the Topics

[Continued from page 13]

the purity of Hollywood's pictures). Each guest was instructed to bring something to eat—and each did. So much that the Breens confessed that they had enough left over to keep the grocer and butcher from the door for a week. It's an idea for you, if it begins to look like a hard winter.

For the first time in her career, Jean Harlow has dyed her famous platinum hair. For *Riffruff*, in which she co-stars with Spencer Tracy, she has changed the color of her hair to light brown. Once before, Jean played a dark-haired rôle. That was in *Red-Headed Woman*. But that time she wore a wig over her own hair. If you like the change, she may stay changed . . . Fashion note, heaven help us!!—Adrian of M-G-M warns us that women's bracelets, this coming season, will weigh up to two pounds! Maybe armor plate is going to succeed metallic cloth!?! . . . Every major studio in Hollywood has opened its own dancing and singing school, hoping to unearth another Eleanor Powell. (Eleanor has spent only thirteen years developing herself!) . . . Speaking of dancers, laconic Buddy Ebsen—who scored the second biggest hit in *Broadway Melody*—is being loaned by M-G-M to Twentieth Century-Fox for Shirley Temple's next picture, *Captain January*.

The chorus girls that M-G-M wanted for *The Great Ziegfeld* had to be statuesque, no less than 5 feet 6 inches in height and possessed of long hair. And they had a hard time finding twenty-four out of the four hundred chorines in Hollywood! This is the picture that will co-star William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Luise Rainer. Bill, who will have to sacrifice his mustache temporarily, will play the late great glorifier; Myrna will play the rôle of Billie Burke, whom Ziegfeld married; and Luise will play young Anna Held, one of the greatest of Ziegfeld protégées.

There's a story within a story in the production of *Coronado* by Paramount. Making the picture was an idea of Ernest Lubitsch, erstwhile director and now production head of the studio; but he is not taking credit for it on the screen. The background is the Hotel Del Coronado, a picturesque California resort close to the Mexican border. For years, members of the film colony have passed the place on their way to Agua Caliente, but it remained for Lubitsch to visualize it as a perfect setting for a picture—a picture combining romance, adventure, mystery, and colorful music. So he assigned writers to evolve a story and now, with the picture an assured success, every writer in Hollywood is asking himself: "Why didn't I think of that?"

If Adrian, the famous M-G-M costume designer is correct (and he usually is!), then the wearing of slacks and sweaters in public is passé. Adrian says that the vogue may have had its inception because the girls wanted to be comfortable, but so many wore them—when they should not have—that the vogue is through, washed up, out.

Two big, husky bodyguards are now trailing little Shirley Temple. They have been doing so ever since a slightly balmy chap created a disturbance at the Temple home by insisting that he wanted to talk with Shirley about her career. He's where he won't bother anyone for a while, but the studio assigned an additional guard besides the one hired by the Temples.



Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller play checkers—for relaxation—between scenes of *Tarzan Escapes*

Patsy Kelly, who has made such a hit in two-reel comedies with Thelma Todd and in feature pictures by herself, is to be starred by Hal Roach in a feature-length comedy—*Kelly the Second* . . . Charlie Chaplin, who has been in the habit of making a picture every three years, will produce six in the next two seasons—two starring himself and four starring Paulette Goddard, his leading lady in *Modern Times*. One of his own will revolve around Napoleon; the other will be modern. The first to star Paulette will be a farce; the next will be a drama, written by himself. He will direct all six. . . .

Edward Arnold, who scored such a hit in his first starring picture, *Diamond Jim*, had to gain twenty-eight pounds for the rôle. In case you're out for weight-gaining hints, this is how he did it (so he says): He lunched daily on boiled beef with horseradish sauce, wiener Schnitzel and copious draughts of beer. Now, he wishes someone would tell him how to take off those pounds . . . Did you know that Japan made 600 pictures (including both feature-length and shorts) last year—and that the total Hollywood output for the same period was less than 500 pictures? . . .

Gracie Allen, of Burns and Allen, who had already adopted one baby and has just adopted another, spikes the report that "The Cradle," famous Evanston, Illinois, foundling home, is the only institution that will permit actors to adopt children. The report started, it seems, because several states have laws forbidding foster-parents to take adopted children beyond state lines—and actors do considerable traveling. But Gracie and George have settled in Hollywood permanently, which makes them eligible . . . Jessie Matthews, the English star, who is co-starring with her husband, Sonnie Hale, in *First a Girl*, and is about to travel to Hollywood for a picture with Clifton Webb, recently lost her first baby. In her grief, she has adopted a child from a famous English foundling institution, and wants to adopt five more. She, herself, was the youngest of a large and very poor family . . .

Mary Brian, appearing in London in *Charlot's Revue*, is reported to be squired about by scions of nobility—a different one each night. In Hollywood, Dick Powell is not pining away for companionship. Is the romance over? . . . Did you ever see a straw-stack walking? Well, we did—and very pertly, very smartly, too. With coat, hat, purse, and gloves all of straw, Dolores Del Rio strolled into a Hollywood restaurant the other noon—and was the cynosure of all eyes . . . Mary Carlisle has inaugurated another new vogue: miniature editions of tropical fruits as smart lapel decorations . . . While Eleanor Powell has an outfit with buttons made of looking-glass . . .

Joan Crawford, answering the frequent criticism that screen clothes aren't "practical" for everyday wear, has had copies made of all her twelve changes of costume in *I Live My Life*—simply because Adrian's creations are "the same general type that I would choose for my own use." And she adds, "In the future, whenever the type of character will permit, I'm going to do the same thing." The two outstanding things in her new wardrobe are an evening coat of metallic cloth, modeled after a polo coat, and a strictly tailored coat of black galyak fur with a six-inch belt that is detachable and may be worn on a dress indoors! . . .

Henry B. Walthall, that grand character actor, was proudly calling attention to his dressing gown between scenes of *A Tale of Two Cities*. Walthall claims that he bought the dressing gown (it was a bathrobe in those days) twenty years ago and that it was bought during the filming of *Birth of a Nation*, which also reveals that it was twenty years ago that *Birth of a Nation* went into production. Walthall, the memorable *Little Colonel* of that epic, has worn the same robe all these years.



Jack Dempsey feels right at home on a visit to Hollywood. On the *Stars Over Broadway* set, Mervyn Le Roy shows him a replica of his New York restaurant sign




# A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!

Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes...for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know...THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"



**SHOW THEM  
NO MERCY!**

A  
**DARRYL F. ZANUCK**

TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

with

**ROCHELLE HUDSON**

**CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT**

**EDWARD NORRIS**





# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

## Joan Crawford

For months before Joan became Mrs. Franchot Tone in a quiet ceremony in the East, reporters and columnists insisted on rumoring a secret marriage . . . much to her irritation. And maybe she was justified. Anyone can be married or remain single. But could any other dramatic actress suddenly display comedy talents—as she has in "I Live My Life"?



Portraits by Hurrell



## Franchot Tone

One of the best actors on the American scene, he would have become famous even if he and Joan Crawford had never seen each other. Popularity is based on ability these days. And Franchot will find even greater favor after "Mutiny on the Bounty"



# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink can be called "old" only in years. In spirit, she is as young as Shirley Temple. At 75, climaxing a rich, colorful life, the beloved singer embarks on a screen career—in "Here's to Romance"—and is an instant hit. She will star with May Robson in "Gram," a comedy

## Oldster and Youngster

Youngest of the stars, Shirley Temple is also the only one who is as popular in Timbaktu as in Main Street, U.S.A. First she was just "our" little girl; now the whole world has adopted her. But she remains completely American (in old Southern costumes) in "The Littlest Rebel"





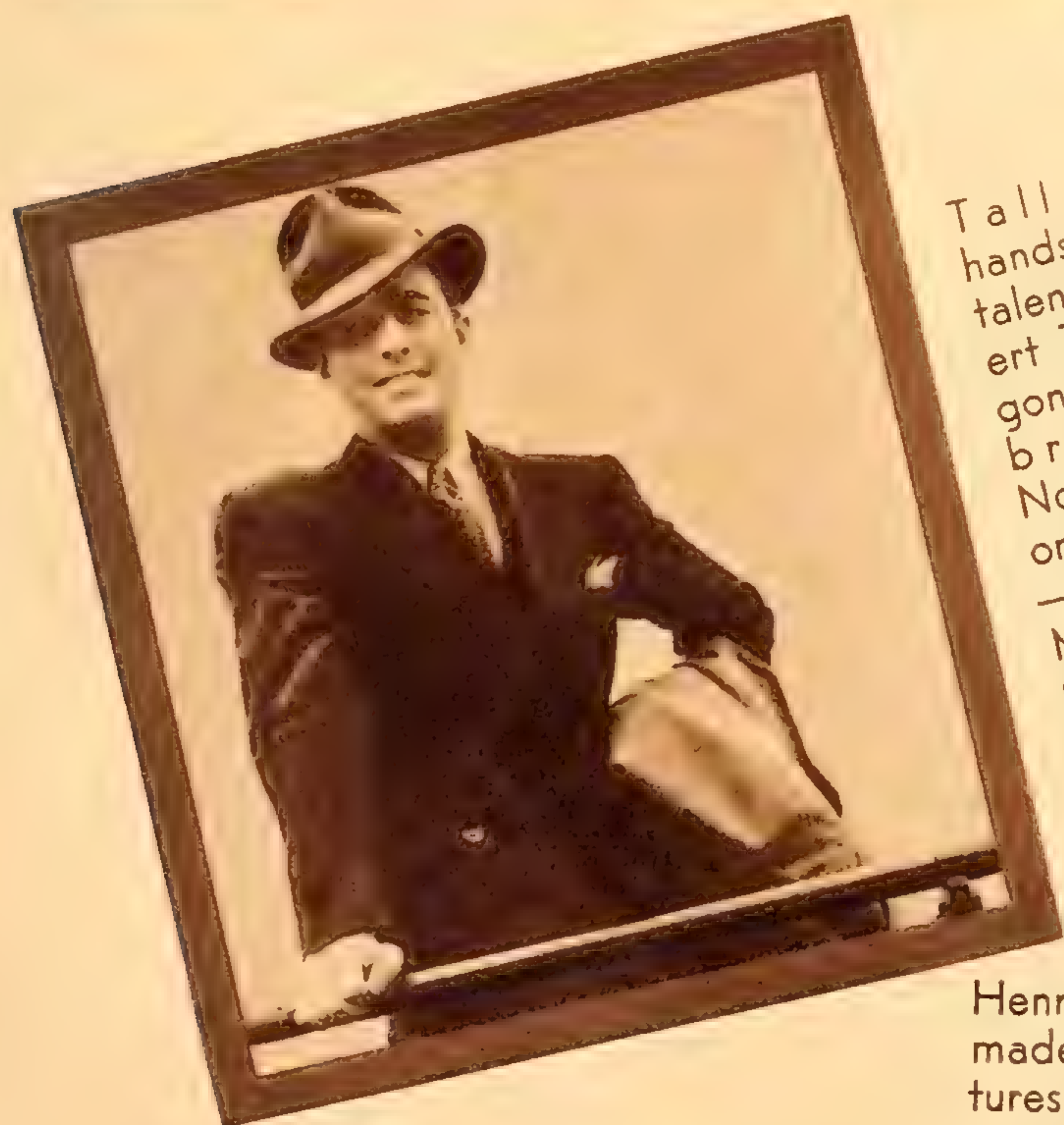
# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



Young, beautiful, vivacious, with one of the most glorious voices of Metropolitan Opera, Gladys Swarthout is an instant screen sensation — a star—in "Rose of the Rancho"



Lily Pons, the little French girl who became an American opera star, now becomes a screen star—and a dream girl—in "I Dream Too Much"



Tall, dark, handsome and talented, Robert Taylor has gone far in one brief year. Now he goes on to stardom —hero of "The Magnificent Obsession"



Henry Fonda had made just two pictures before "I Dream Too Much." Now stardom is his —by public demand

*Four New Favorites*



Clark Gable—1935



Clark Gable—1931

# GABLE Changed...?

Some say he is—and others say he isn't.  
Here's what his first interviewer says!

By S. R. MOOK

IT IS always hard for me to temper my enthusiasm in writing of Clark Gable. I happened to do the first interview with him and I may as well be frank and admit that it was done under protest. I had the average man's prejudice against another man over whom women were raving. And I came away from that interview thoroughly sold on Clark. Women might go for him, but he was typically a man's man.

Several things about this ruggedly handsome, smooth-shaven chap named Gable impressed me. For one thing, there was nothing about him that made me want to write, "He reminds me of a small boy." Clark seemed matured mentally as well as physically.

Another thing that attracted me to him was the total lack of that quality frequently found in actors and which, for want of a better name, Richard Arlen calls "whimsy." There was nothing "cute" about Clark. He was human.

He had asserted that Hollywood would never "get" him because he had been broke and friendless there and he knew

how narrow a gulf separated success from failure in the movie town. He showed a willingness to face life as it is when he said that if he should start slipping tomorrow the back-slapping would stop as suddenly as it started. There was no bombast, no egotism about him.

Then, shortly after his great vogue started, when he was working on *The Finger Points*, he said to Regis Toomey and me, "This won't last. I'll find myself back in some two-bit stock company again." This new idol of the masses had no illusions about his own importance—or the permanence of public favor.

During that first interview, he candidly confessed that he liked reporters, explaining: "On the stage, actors are rarely interviewed—and I'm from the stage. People don't know me yet except on the screen. Interviews can help us get acquainted—and stay acquainted. I'll talk as long as there is anyone to listen."

And, lastly, when Clark had been in pictures about a year—a *big* hit in pictures—he said to me, "By the time this contract is up, I'll have saved a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That's all the money I'll ever need. I'll never sign another contract. I'm going to be free after that and do the things I've always wanted to do."

He said it so simply and so sincerely that I had the inescapable feeling that he really meant it. Those are things you don't forget in a man. [Continued on page 58]



# ROSE MARIE— *You'll Love It!*

By JOHN KENT

**S**ITTING beside me, as I write, are Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Nelson is dozing; Jeanette is . . . well, just looking! Her gaze is fixed on the far horizon and her eyes are filled with dreams.

About what, I wonder? In Hollywood—if there is such a place—with the hurdy-gurdy of the studio about us, I would ask her. Here, in these sky-reaching hills, I do not dare.

We are on a granite escarpment, high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains above Lake Tahoe. The clean, aromatic odor of the pines is in our nostrils. The warm sun is beating down through the thin, dry air to rob the eternal wind of its sting. On our right is a chasm—narrow, tortuous, deep. It is filled to the brim with shadow and hush. On our left, the cliffs drop away in a series of rock terraces and swift-plunging slopes to the pine-clad shore of Lake Tahoe, deep blue in the afternoon light. Above us, in regal majesty, tower the snow-capped pinnacles of the mother range.

What an inspirational background for *Rose Marie*, the first great outdoor operetta of the modern screen! No picture has ever brought to the screen more awesome grandeur, more breath-taking loveliness.

● The company has been on this particular escarpment since dawn, filming "trail scenes." Long before daylight, we were routed from our blankets by the summons of Director W. S. Van Dyke. (He directed *Naughty Marietta*, you remember.) We filed, shivering, into the hotel dining room, ate ravenously, and then drove over a treacherous, winding mountain road to the foot of this knife-like ridge. And there, in the pine forest, cameras, reflectors, sound equipment, make-up boxes and all of the other incidentals to picture-making were already being loaded on pack mules and sent ahead, up the thread-like, zigzag trail. Saddled horses—nearly a hundred of them—waited to carry the cast and crew to the location.

From the foot of the trail, we rode about five miles, and most of the way along narrow ledges where a misstep would have plunged us to the bottom of a rocky gorge. But these mountain horses don't make missteps. . . . The equipment will remain here overnight under guard. The company will go back down the rocky trail before sunset.

With the exception of Van Dyke, [Continued on page 63]



Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy film the first great outdoor operetta—and MOVIE CLASSIC "covers" the big event!





Above, you see Warner Baxter with the woman all Baxter admirers should thank—Winifred Bryson Baxter. Because she played a hunch, he is on the screen today, a favorite of millions

**W**HILE having lunch with Rowland V. Lee, the brilliant director of George Arliss in *Cardinal Richelieu*, I asked him which actor, since the advent of the talkies, had been the most consistently popular with feminine moviegoers.

The immediate answer was, "Warner Baxter."

I asked another man, a popular actor, the same question. "Present company always excepted," he said, smiling, "I'd choose Warner Baxter."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he is a composite of an American and an Englishman, if there can be such a thing. He is human and warm-blooded, well-dressed, and has charming manners. He's the kind of fellow who would stop to pat a stray mongrel on the street. I've seen him. Also, I've played with him, off and on, for fifteen years, and I've never heard an unkind word against him," he concluded, lighting his pipe and looking at me quizzically, "Not even by you, Jim!"

"I believe," added the actor, "that if a man can act and if other things are equal, *what he is* in his heart eventually registers on the screen."

● This actor's words made me more interested in his handsome contemporary, who was born in Colum-

bus, Ohio, the son of an auditor, with an American ancestry that dates back two hundred years.

Investigation proved that Warner Baxter's popularity with the ladies is simply astounding. To them, he is the ideal American, the blasé, good-looking, and, of course, successful young business man. He is the chap with the sleek hair and trim mustache who sits in a large office with the word, "Manager," printed on his door. He is the Lothario drawn in the Sunday supplements by Howard Chandler Gibson Flagg, with a lovely lady looking up at him as though he were the sun on a foggy morning. He is the beau ideal, a Valentino without a horse and the costume of a sheik. He is the chap the lonely woman on the prairie sees when she looks at the men's ready-to-wear pages in the latest mail-order catalogue.

The actor who said that Warner is the composite American and Englishman was not far wrong. He is quiet, unassuming, and knows when and how to laugh. Yet he can romp through a part like *The Cisco Kid* and cause women to dream of the wide open spaces where rainbows color the horns of the cattle in the fields, and where cowboy Carusos sing in the night:

*"Oh, give me a home, where the  
buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope  
play—*

# WARNER —and

He's a man's man, yet women cannot resist him. And a famous writer, looking into the matter, tells you why!

By JIM TULLY

*Vivid novelist, personality and Hollywood resident*

*Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day."*

Baxter has appeared in nearly fifty pictures for Fox Films. Not one of them has ever been a box-office failure. Most of them have been outstanding successes. He is one of the most valuable, dependable assets any studio could have. His personality is the kind that "grows on" audiences; his popularity is the kind that goes never backward, always forward. And the reason? He is a man's man who has never failed to interest the women in the audience.

● He is dark, with black hair and hazel eyes, stands five feet, eleven inches tall and never weighs more than a hundred and seventy-five pounds.

He drives a high-powered car, and often rides far into the night—alone.

That Warner has a keen sense of humor is well known in Hollywood. And the ladies like humor—if the joke is not on them.

He early learned the need and importance of a sense of humor. His father had died when Warner was less than a year old. His mother, to support Warner and herself, took in sewing. She saw him through high school, wanted him to go to college. But he felt that *he* should become the bread-winner as soon as possible—and became a salesman.



# BAXTER

## Women

The boy Warner had shown a marked leaning toward the stage. He had good looks, an excellent voice, poise beyond his years. He played the leading rôle in a high school play in Columbus, called *The Prince of Insomnia*. When the curtain went down on the last act, he was (so he claims) the only person awake in the house.

After seeing this play, Warner's mother became so convinced that he would become a great actor that she helped him secure a position as a traveling salesman for a farm implement firm. He actually became the sales manager, thus proving that one may not like his work and yet succeed!

Then, one night, Warner wandered into a theatre to see a play, although mighty problems of percentage and business revolved in his mind. Soon afterward he learned that the leading man of the company had been injured. The fever of the stage still was with Warner. He scribbled a note to Dorothy Shoemaker, star of the play. She saw the handsome young sales manager, and gave him a job. He went to Louisville with the show, and toured with Miss Shoemaker's company for some months thereafter.

"He is the composite of an American and Englishman, if there can be such a thing"

• However, Warner's mother was still skeptical about her son's stage career. He returned to Columbus and took a course in an insurance agency school, from which he was graduated with high honors. He soon became popular with housewives who insisted that Warner—and not his agents—sell them insurance.

In time, he became so successful that he was able to open a garage in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The garage business was so slow that once more he had a new excuse to join a stock company—one headed for Dallas, Texas.

Pandemonium reigned in Columbus. We realize that "pandemonium" is a large word, but Warner's mother had large hopes for him. And what was more terrible for his mother in Ohio to bear was the fact that the stock com- [Continued on page 64]



... with Myrna Loy  
in "Broadway Bill"



... with Janet Gaynor  
in "One More Spring"



... with Ann Loring in  
"Robin Hood of El Dorado"



... with Alice Faye in  
"The Sign of the Cross"





# The Story GINGER ROGERS *Never Told*

The "typical American girl" who has become Public Favorite No. 1 has a private life that explains her screen personality. And this is the first complete story about that life!

By ROBERT GRAHAM

GINGER ROGERS has often been tagged "The Typical American Girl." And this is not just another slogan originated by some phrase-making press-agent. It is a national sentiment. The little sprouts love her, the high-schoolers think she's tops, the college boys think she's great, the older folks like her natural, youthful charm and spirit. (And a recent CLASSIC reader poll revealed that she is today's most popular screen star—by a wide margin.—Ed.)

For all her beautiful Newman-designed clothes and her all-around glamorous screen personality, Ginger Rogers might be the girl next door. And this is even truer off the screen than on. She, herself, has never told the public about

her private life—but it is time that someone did. Ginger is too real a person to rate silence about what she is actually like.

She combines femininity with independence, and the art of playing with the ability to do a number of things well—all of which epitomizes the alert young modern. Ginger could not have those qualities only on the screen and put them over as she does. They show up in her private life as well.

Frankly ambitious, she is one of the hardest, most conscientious workers in Hollywood. But when she walks off the set at the end of a day's work, she leaves the worries of the day and everything connected with her work behind her. In other words, she knows the secret—and the value—of relaxation. She steps out of shimmering gowns or furred suits and steps into simple sweaters and skirts or slacks, as a rule, and drives her coupe to her small hacienda-type ranch-house in Beverly Hills. She has never had a big car and doubts that she ever will. The same thing applies to houses. She is free from any show-off complex.



She plays a fast, left-handed game of tennis—at dusk

Director Mark Sandrich and Ginger study the script of "Follow the Fleet"



Last-minute make-up touches before a scene





Portrait by  
John Miehle



In sweater and  
slacks, she  
goes into her  
dance—with a  
mirror beside  
her as a guide



Designer, star and fitter  
—and everybody's happy



A soda and a sandwich  
at a drive-in place

All informal photos  
taken exclusively for  
MOVIE CLASSIC by  
Carola Rust

● When she is working on a picture, the amount of dancing she is generally called upon to do so taxes her energy that she naturally is forced to curtail many of the things she might like to do "after hours." During the making of a picture, Ginger generally obeys a nine or ten o'clock curfew, and an evening's entertainment for her often consists of a good book. She is one of the most voracious readers in the cinema town and is up on all the latest best-sellers.

Any evening entertaining that she does while working generally takes the form of having a few close friends in for dinner. Her circle of companions is small. As a general thing, they are not among the movie great. In fact, they might be your friends or mine. Some of them are entirely outside the ranks of the industry.

More often than not, invitations are considered unnecessary among Ginger and her friends. They visit each other when they feel like doing so—not under the compulsion of invitations. They drop in on her, and she drops in on them, with the greatest of [Continued on page 66]



# CHARLES BOYER— Master of Charm

"Women succumb to his great charm, his powerful personality, without being able to help themselves..."

By DENA REED

CHARLES BOYER is the impossible come true. He is—or easily might become—every woman's ideal, yet he is completely honest, sincere, unegotistical. Popularity has not changed him.

His performances in *Private Worlds*, *Break of Hearts* and *Shanghai* have made ten million women Boyer-conscious. Pure luck, you say? He would be the first to agree with you. Laughing genially, he would even call to your attention the fact that this is the third time he has come up to bat. Twice he struck out. But no alibis, you understand.

The first time he saw Hollywood he was scheduled to make French versions of M-G-M films. Boyer (pronounced Bwah-yay) could not then speak English. And no sooner had he arrived in America than French versions took a slump, and he found himself with a contract for six months, a salary and no work.

Now, Boyer was no parboiled French actor who was down on his francs and leapt at the sound of Hollywood.

As a matter of exact fact, this same incredible charmer had been a delight for years in Paris, where his fame was as great as Chevalier's. He did, however, have that inexcusable talent—a conscience. Resolved to give work for pay, he played small, inconsequential parts that did not require him to speak. One of them was the rôle of the chauffeur in *Red-Headed Woman*, starring Jean Harlow. No one ever noticed him, but he was there, however fleetingly, working for his pay.

M-G-M did kindly agree to delete the chauffeur from the picture, if and when it was shown in France, where a crisis undoubtedly would have been precipitated if fifty million Frenchwomen had seen their favorite playing so small a rôle.

It isn't every day that a star jeopardizes his fame just to salve his conscience. But it isn't every day that you will meet a man like Charles Boyer.

The second time he accepted a Hollywood offer, he found himself scheduled to play the romantic gypsy hero of *Caravan*, which was intended to be something new in musical comedies. After trying to persuade the Powers-That-Be that he was not a musical comedy hero, but a dramatic actor, he shrugged his broad shoulders, pocketed his professional pride, made the picture—and then bought up his contract, charging the item to experience.

● Boyer might be called eccentric, temperamental and arty. But no one ever has used those adjectives in describing him—and I doubt if anyone ever will. Meet him and speak with him for only a short space of time and he is your friend. Know him longer and he holds an enduring place in your regard.

Why? For one thing, with all his charm, he is extremely modest. He refuses to discuss the possible reasons for his sudden and extravagant popularity with the fair sex.

At a recent press reception, for example, someone asked him: "Do great movie love scenes result from real, if temporary, love between the actor and actress involved?" That may be a fair question to ask a star, but I found myself wanting to flee for air—until I heard his calm, sane, smiling answer:

"The man who can love [Continued on page 62]

"The man who can love and act at the same time should be placed in a museum"



Portrait by  
Will Walling, Jr.





"I'll take my bows to the crowd in the street. I've never sung to stuffed shirts and I won't now!"

she can feel happiness and joy to a greater degree than more stolid persons, she can also be more deeply hurt because of that same responsiveness. Like all truly great artists, she is super-sensitive in her emotional reactions; unlike most, she is possessed of too much intelligence and too much vitality to "break" under severe strains, to go "temperamental" under difficult circumstances. Her vitality, both mental and physical, is amazing.

Yet, when she went abroad last May, that magnificent vitality had been nearly exhausted. For months, she had been before Hollywood cameras, filming *Love Me Forever*. The production had not gone any too smoothly. Story difficulties had been encountered; a new and untried recording system had been employed. And she knew that the real test of her screen success was that second picture for Columbia. Hollywood had been frankly skeptical regarding her ability to repeat her first sensational screen triumph. Characteristically, she had answered the challenge by throwing her entire energy into her work.

Meanwhile, she had agreed to sing *La Boheme* at Covent Garden in London. It was to be a "command" performance, with the royal family in their box. No other American prima donna had ever been honored with such an invitation.

*Love Me Forever*, encountering one delay after another, kept her in Hollywood so long that she barely had time to reach London on the scheduled date. En route, she hoped to rest, but the hope was doomed. She had under-estimated her own popularity. In New York, banquet after banquet had been arranged in her honor. Old friendships made demand upon her time. Autograph-hunters mobbed her wherever she appeared. In Paris, where she spent two days, it was the same story. In London, a special detachment of "bobbies" had to be assigned to guard her from the enthusiasm of the throngs who had seen her in *One Night of Love*.

To her surprise, she discovered that London knew her only as an American movie star with a glorious voice. The fact that she had come to the screen with a Metropolitan Opera background had been entirely forgotten.

Fashionable Mayfair was profoundly interested in her as a personality, but frankly dubious of her talent. There were insinuations that Hollywood magic had woven a spell that she probably could not repeat in person.

If such insinuations stimulated interest in her, they also had their effect on the over-wrought nerves of an exhausted girl who already was on the verge of a breakdown.

"I knew that I was on a spot," she says, "but, fortunately, the knowledge aroused my fighting [Continued on page 60]"

# GRACE MOORE'S Secret Triumph

She had an opportunity no other American ever had—and no one has known till now that she thought she had failed!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

THIS is the story of the greatest personal triumph ever won by an American singer. It is also the untold story of the greatest emotional ordeal and the greatest secret triumph in the life of Grace Moore—a life that has been a succession of emotional crises.

Grace Moore's predominating trait is eagerness—eagerness to thrill others with song, eagerness to work for success, eagerness to escape the humdrum, eagerness to live completely. She is vibrantly, deeply emotional. And if



# The Dramatic School That JEAN Started

JEAN MUIR had a great idea—a Hollywood school for promising amateurs. Result: The Theatre Workshop, Inc. You have to like work to be admitted!

By JANE CARROLL

SO YOU want to become an actress! Why? To earn a thousand dollars a week? To possess a palatial home . . . servants . . . a swimming pool . . . the adulation of men? That may seem reason enough to most of us, but not to Jean Muir, and certainly not to the men who guide the destinies of our greatest motion picture companies.

"Too many people are turning to acting as a profession merely because they have a desire for fame and wealth," says Jean Muir, the *Helena* of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "They want to take from the theatre—or from motion pictures—and they have nothing to give. Every actor and actress who have achieved a certain success with nothing more than mercenary ambitions as an inspiration have robbed the theatre and the screen of something to which they have no right."



Above, two members of a Workshop cast rehearse before a group of co-workers

All Workshop photos  
taken exclusively for  
MOVIE CLASSIC  
by Charles Rhodes

Right, The Workshop from the outside. Within its walls, you may learn everything worth knowing about this art called acting



Strong words, these, from a twenty-four-year-old girl, but who can refute them? It is an indisputable fact that more people think of acting than of any other profession for the selfish reason that it looks like a life of ease—a simple way to gold and glory. Only a very few—too few—choose acting because they seek to interpret great drama.

Jean Muir and other alert young actresses have established themselves firmly in Hollywood, despite their youth, because of their sincerity of purpose. And out of this same sincerity has developed the one great interest of Jean's life.

● Today, in a remodeled night club on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood, the strange rustling sound of shifting scenery and the intonations of earnest young voices can be heard far into the night, indicating that The Theatre Workshop, Inc., comes honestly by its name. Jean Muir originated, founded and helped to finance The Workshop. It is her pride and joy—an achievement of which any actress, young or old, might well be proud.

"The purpose of The Theatre Workshop," Jean explains, "is to train young people in the traditions and atmosphere of the theatre, to show them the best that the theatre has developed down through the passing centuries. We want to study both the old and the new, and to go forward,

not merely for personal gain, but for the satisfaction of trying to contribute our small bit toward preserving and building the best in entertainment. And who knows? We may succeed!"

Jean Muir does not want to create the impression that she is being "arty." One has only to talk to her for a few moments to realize that she is extremely practical and level-headed.

"I know that hundreds of untrained young girls will come to Hollywood in the next few years," she says, "hoping against hope that they will have a lucky break and land at the top of the heap. They will have no idea of the qualifications they must have to become actresses. They will not be coming because they love the theatre and the profes-





"The theatre and the screen need a new generation of players who are workers," says Jean Muir. "To develop them is the purpose of The Theatre Workshop"

sion for what it is. They will not realize that they should not come directly to the studios—that they must have a foundation of dramatic experience. Without it, an actress may achieve some small degree of fame, but her days on the screen will be numbered. They won't last any longer than the first youthful bloom of beauty. The theatre and the screen need a new generation of players who are *workers*. To develop them is the purpose of The Theatre Workshop."

In organizing her remarkable project, Jean had the help of Anthony Landi, Elissa Landi's brother. He helped to organize, incorporate, sell stock and get The Workshop under way. There were others, too—amateurs who hope some day to occupy important positions in the world of the screen and theatre.

Officially, The Workshop opened on October first, after the gaudy night-club had been converted into a theatre and a school by the industrious Workshop group in person. "The decorations were terrific," says Jean. "Huge figures danced on the wall, black oilcloth with splashes of gold hung from the proscenium arch to all corners of the auditorium—and there was dirt everywhere. We moved in with scrub brush, soap, lime, and everything necessary to make the place sanitary. And we really are proud of the transformation we wrought. Compo board forms the ceiling, the walls are done in ivory, and the large stage has been re-equipped.

● "Actually, the theatre is small, but it is sufficient to hold about two hundred people—an intimate audience for our plays. At first there were only a few of us interested, but as time passed, the group grew. Now there are about twenty-five [Continued on page 56]



In the dancing class, a student actress receives a lesson in dramatic poise



Fencing is a requisite at The Workshop. Nothing does more to develop grace



Constructing miniature sets, students learn the mechanics of play production



Operating a miniature theatre, students experiment with lighting effects



# Up from the Bottom to Stardom

Rosalind Russell has reached for success the sure way—by working for it. And in her rise is inspiration for every girl in America today!

By MARY ANDERSON

**R**OSALIND RUSSELL is one of the most interesting—and one of the least spectacular—personalities in Hollywood. On-screen and off-screen, she typifies the new trend in pictures—refinement, intelligence, independence, gallantry. To use slang—which is usually more descriptive than prosaic English—she has CLASS!

She came to Hollywood from the stage, and to the stage from a background of culture. Her journey to stardom—and she has nearly arrived, after her performance opposite Willam Powell in *Rendezvous*—has been featured by a calm poise that dominates her every word and action. It has

been attended by very little publicity, yet Hollywood, most certainly, and every movie-goer, most probably, have been fully conscious of the fact that Rosalind Russell is destined for greatness.

She has excited international curiosity and it is high time that this curiosity should be satisfied.

She is one of seven children, the daughter of a well-to-do and socially prominent New England family. Most of the stories written about her have exaggerated the wealth of her parents and, in doing so, have created the impression that Rosalind has no need to work, that she is rich beyond the need of earning, and that she is merely playing at her profession. As a matter of fact, her father, a well-known and highly respected attorney, left his children little more than enough money to complete their educations and finance their starts in life. The balance of his fortune had been lost through unfortunate investment.

Rosalind was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, and lived there for the first sixteen years of her life. She attended Marymount School at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, Rosemont School and Barnard College. She was given every advantage. More important still, she was given some very excellent advice by her father, who insisted that his children must never be idlers.

"It doesn't make a great deal of difference what work you do," he told them. "The important thing is to [Continued on page 61]

"I vowed that I would climb slowly and never take a step until I knew where I was going; I would never run before I had learned to walk"

Portrait by  
Hurrell



# Meet ERROL FLYNN— *Born Adventurer!*

Young, handsome, Irish, the screen's newest he-man hero has had a life just as exciting as *Captain Blood's!*

BY SHIRLEY KING

COMPARED to Errol Flynn, *Captain Blood*, of the Spanish Main Bloods, was a bleeding cream puff. Not that the daring captain lacked any of the manly qualities or shirked his duties as a pirate. The parallel is drawn because young Mr. Flynn, who is portraying the Sabatini hero in the talkie version of the famous novel, has been involved in so many more hazardous undertakings and exploits.

The South Seas, the East Indies, the Far East, India, Ethiopia and most of the intermediate points are as familiar to him, relatively speaking, as your own backyard is to you. As British magistrate, gold miner, sea captain, pearl fisher, rice buyer, explorer, soldier, he knows them all. There is scarcely a place, no matter how small it may be on the map, that he has not visited and cannot recall by some vivid adventure that befell him there.

Flynn, a tall, good-looking young Irishman with the slender build of an athlete and the eager eyes of a roamer, arrived in Hollywood some six months ago to pursue a film career. He had been in pictures on the English screen, and so impressed Irving Asher, British head of Warner Brothers, with his work that Asher sent one of his films over here. The Warners saw enormous possibilities in this clean-cut actor's personality and ability, and immediately cabled for him to hie himself to Hollywood.

His first American picture, in which he appeared only briefly, indicated that Warners had starring material in this latest addition to their fold. On the off-chance that he might be an embryonic overnight sensation, they tested him, along with scores of well-known he-man actors, for the title rôle of *Captain Blood*. And out of all the tests, one alone stood out—Errol Flynn's. He got the job.

• IN scanning his short, but eventful career (he is only about twenty-six today), you discover the reason why Flynn seems so per-

fectly cast in the rôle and why he is turning in so splendid a performance as the English doctor turned pirate through force of circumstance. He is walking his own quarter-deck again, reliving tropical days of his past when Life offered a constant challenge and Death kept but a pace behind. Flynn has actually been as lusty an adventurer as *Captain Blood* ever thought of being in the Sabatini story.

His adventures began at the age of sixteen, when he accompanied his scientist-father on an exploring expedition to Western Tasmania, off the coast of Australia, and as wild a spot as remains [Continued on page 72]



"In his reticence lies the charm of the man; this—and a personality that immediately wins you"

Portrait by Elmer Fryer



# SCREEN-STRUCK

A famous author tells a dramatic story of an unknown's struggle for screen success—a story as real as the city of hope and heartbreak

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

**THE STORY THUS FAR:** Pretty Lola Le Grange, usherette in a theatre in a small midwest city, lives in a dream world. Screen-struck, she has the secret and "impossible" ambition to win the chance, some day, to be an actress. And, suddenly, the dream comes true; she has her chance. A photograph she had entered in a nation-wide Search-for-New-Faces contest, sponsored by Burnham Brothers Studio in Hollywood, is awarded first prize. She wins a free trip to the movie capital, plus the promise of a screen test . . . and finds herself frightened by her good fortune, by her inexperience. She wonders if her fear is a premonition of failure.

The prize, her ticket to Hollywood, is awarded to her on the stage of the local theatre by Clifton Laurence, romantic screen idol, making a personal appearance there. Long fascinated by his screen performances, she finds him even more romantic in person. When she leaves for Hollywood to begin her great adventure, he is aboard the same train. They strike up an acquaintance, which reaches a climax on their last night aboard the train. Sitting alone on the back platform, they begin talking, impersonally, about love. Laurence sincerely doubts that there is such a thing as "lasting love." Lola disagrees with him, citing as one proof the wistful love of Buddy Kane, a home-town boy, for her—love that she can never reciprocate. As they part, Laurence impulsively kisses her. Later, she is tortured by the thought that now she, like Laurence, must wonder how one can recognize "real love."

Arriving in Hollywood, she is fêted and ballyhooed as a contest-winner, and almost immediately goes through the unexpectedly agonizing ordeal of a screen test. Then she is gradually forgotten, though her test proves that she photographs well enough to rate a short-term contract. But her luck still holds. An actress scheduled to play a certain small part falls ill, and the rôle is given to Lola, who is swept off her feet by the attention that is now showered upon her . . . by self-seeking people who intend to be included among her friends if she should become a success. She senses the shallowness of their "friendship," which, nevertheless, buoys her up with supreme self-confidence. Though the director is impatient with her first efforts at acting, she soon feels that she is showing genuine ability.

Clifton Laurence, returning from a location trip, is pleased at the break that she has had with no help from anyone. Lola, however, in an effort to impress him, goes too far and gives him the impression that she is "putting on an act" for his benefit. Disappointed, he coolly says "goodbye." Lola, at first heartbroken at this turn of events, is then determined to show him that she can win bigger rôles—and his applause. Soon after this encounter, she is summoned into the office of Mr. Burnham, head of the studio. Thrilled by the summons, she expects a salary raise, a long-term contract. Instead, Mr. Burnham tells her that the studio can no longer use her—that she photographs well, but is no actress. He asks her, "Why not be a sensible little girl and go home?" With a heavy heart, she walks out into the cruelly bright California sunshine—a failure. The story continues:

## Chapter VII

**I**N FIRING me, Mr. Tom Burnham had said—unwillingly—some pretty cruel things about my work in the one rôle I had played. The smart of them was still upon me as I stood there in the sunlit studio gardens just outside the private entrance to his offices.

I walked slowly away as soon as my leaden feet would obey my dazed brain . . . and found myself mournfully making the familiar round of the studio that I had made in my first days there—to the sound-stages, the miniature department, the back-lot, the projection-rooms. At Number Four, Dickey Wells, the operator, stood idling in the doorway.

"Hello!" he said, cheerfully. "What's eating you? You look as though the villain had foreclosed on the Old Homestead."

I looked up at him, wondering if I would be able to speak coherently or not. And at sight of his homely, impudent face, an idea came to me. "Dickey," I asked, "could you do me a favor?"

"How much?" he said. "Five bucks?"

Tense as I was, I almost laughed. "No," I replied. "What I want is to see my picture again. Alone, all by myself. And see it over and over, several times."

"You're the only one," he said, with mock solicitude about my sanity, "who does want to see it twice. The Chief thinks it smells."

"So I gathered," I admitted, dryly. "But I want to know why. This means a great deal to me, Dickey. I've got to find out what was wrong. Could you manage it for me? Alone?"

"I'll tell you what," he replied after a long moment of thinking over the idea. "I'll fake some extra work tonight and you come back about nine-thirty and I'll run it off for you."

"Thanks, Dickey!" I said, gratefully. It was the first time I had spoken naturally in weeks.

That I most certainly had not spoken naturally while acting in the picture, I admitted to myself before the evening was over. During the long hours that intervened before the showing, however, I had had plenty of time to think over what Mr. Burnham had said. The shock of my failure to make good had affected me like a sudden plunge into icy water. I had emerged shaking, frozen, confused. But the after-effect was a strange new vigor. I saw that my attitude back home in Hopewell, when I had cried, frightened at the thought of being lifted to unearned fame, was right. But the ambition that had always been in my heart was still there. It would take more than one failure to extinguish it. I felt very humble now. I *had* to learn. In this frame of mind, I went and sat alone in the dark little projection-room, my eyes glued to the screen and to the awkward amateur who was Lola Le Grange . . .

It hurt, but I could see that everything Mr. Burnham had said was true, including his merciful admission that I screened well. On this, at least, I could base a little hope. What had I once said to Clifton Laurence? "The test is the only thing that worries me—the rest





"Why, I can identify this girl!" Miss Dare exclaimed

will be easy." Well, I knew now that it wouldn't be easy, but it might still be done . . . with hard work and patience and sticking at it no matter what they said to discourage me. I would learn to speak dramatically, to act realistically, to move gracefully—to be relaxed and natural—to *be* the character, instead of *acting* it. I would never use that carfare money to get back to Hopewell. Never! . . . I walked out of the projection-room late that night a new person—free of my silly hallucinations about acting, and with a fierce new determination to succeed burning in my heart.

● The next morning, after sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, I took stock of my assets. One hundred dollars in savings, plus the studio's expense money of a hundred and twenty-five, a fairly decent wardrobe, a "photographic face" and a fistful of courage. They would have to carry me through.

My first move, of course, was to give up the small

bungalow I had been renting. I took the cheapest furnished room I could find, within walking distance of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. That meant I could reach three major studios without spending carfare. Then I went to see Mr. Otto Rikenbach, the important agent who had invited me to a party at his house soon after my arrival in Hollywood. [Please turn to next page]



"What salary do you get?" was his first question. I told him I had been getting a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

He grunted. "How long does your contract run?" he asked.

"It has run," I admitted ruefully.

The faint interest that he had shown died a visible death. "I am afraid we wouldn't be much help to you," he said. "We already have more people than we can really handle."

It was a dismissal—a tactful one. I was already learning that Hollywood hates to be cruel—yet often *has* to be. As a result, a polite, roundabout formula has developed. Snubs are wrapped in cellophane—blows in velvet gloves! I tried other agents, but the answer was the same everywhere: I must have more experience before they could afford to handle me.

"But how am I to get experience," I cried desperately, "unless you get me work?"

I gritted my teeth and joined the long lines at the casting office windows. Once I worked for fifteen hours, sitting in a French sidewalk café, and earned seven dollars and fifty cents. No director came up and picked me for the lead, either! A girl who had once taken me to a swimming party was in that picture, and she pretended not to see me. Several people had done that, though, and I was getting used to it. Even Mr. Hilton ducked when he saw me now, although I could see that he felt sorry for me. When I buttonholed him, he would murmur something vague about keeping me in mind if anything suitable showed up.

As for Clifton Laurence, he had in all probability read the only recent notice about me that any publication had bothered to print—a brief trade-paper comment that I had gone home. If he believed that, I thought ironically, it was just as well; I was not likely to run into him anywhere!

● MY GOOD luck had left me as suddenly as it had come in the first place. Meeting discouragement at every turn, I did not find it easy to work at training myself. But when I wasn't haunting the studios, I was spending my time reading aloud to myself, rehearsing before the mirror in my dingy little room, spending a few dollars on elocution lessons to improve my delivery and on dancing lessons to improve my carriage and . . . getting really thin. This last was no effort—on the meals I ate! About the only thing that kept me going was the letters Buddy Kane wrote so faithfully from Hopewell. He believed in me so implicitly!

"We can hardly wait to see your first picture," he wrote. "And the next and the next. You've got it in you, Lola, but you must believe that yourself, first of all. Then they can't discourage you, ever!" It was always like that . . . "faith . . . win . . . you're good . . ." It helped—a little. Perhaps more than a little.

There was one other bright moment. It came when I

found a chance to apologize to Miss Nancy Dare, "the grand old lady of the screen," for refusing her advice because I had not recognized her. Very lovely in black silk and soft laces, she allowed me to waylay her as she was stepping into her limousine outside a Boulevard shop.

"I've been sick at heart over what I said to you," I told her earnestly. "Not only because I admire you so, really, but because I was such an ignorant young fool." She smiled at me, her eyes twinkling, her manner brisk.

"Stuff and nonsense!" She chipped her words. "Greatest compliment to my acting I ever had! Don't moon over it! Glad to see you've left off the rouge!" She patted my shoulder, stepped into the big car, and was gone.

But I felt a great load off my mind. There was something about her crisp kindness that made the world momentarily a better place. I walked "home," feeling more gay and courageous than I had in weeks. . . . And I needed all the gaiety and courage at my command because, when I reached the door of my room, the lock was plugged.

At first I could not understand. I went back downstairs—to complain, of all things! Then I saw the landlady's face and understood.

"I'm sorry, Miss Le Grange," she said, through thin lips, "but you owe three weeks now. You'll have to pay up or go."

I thought of the dollar and sixteen cents remaining in my purse. I looked at the woman's determined face. And without a word, I walked out into the glorious sunset . . . headed nowhere.

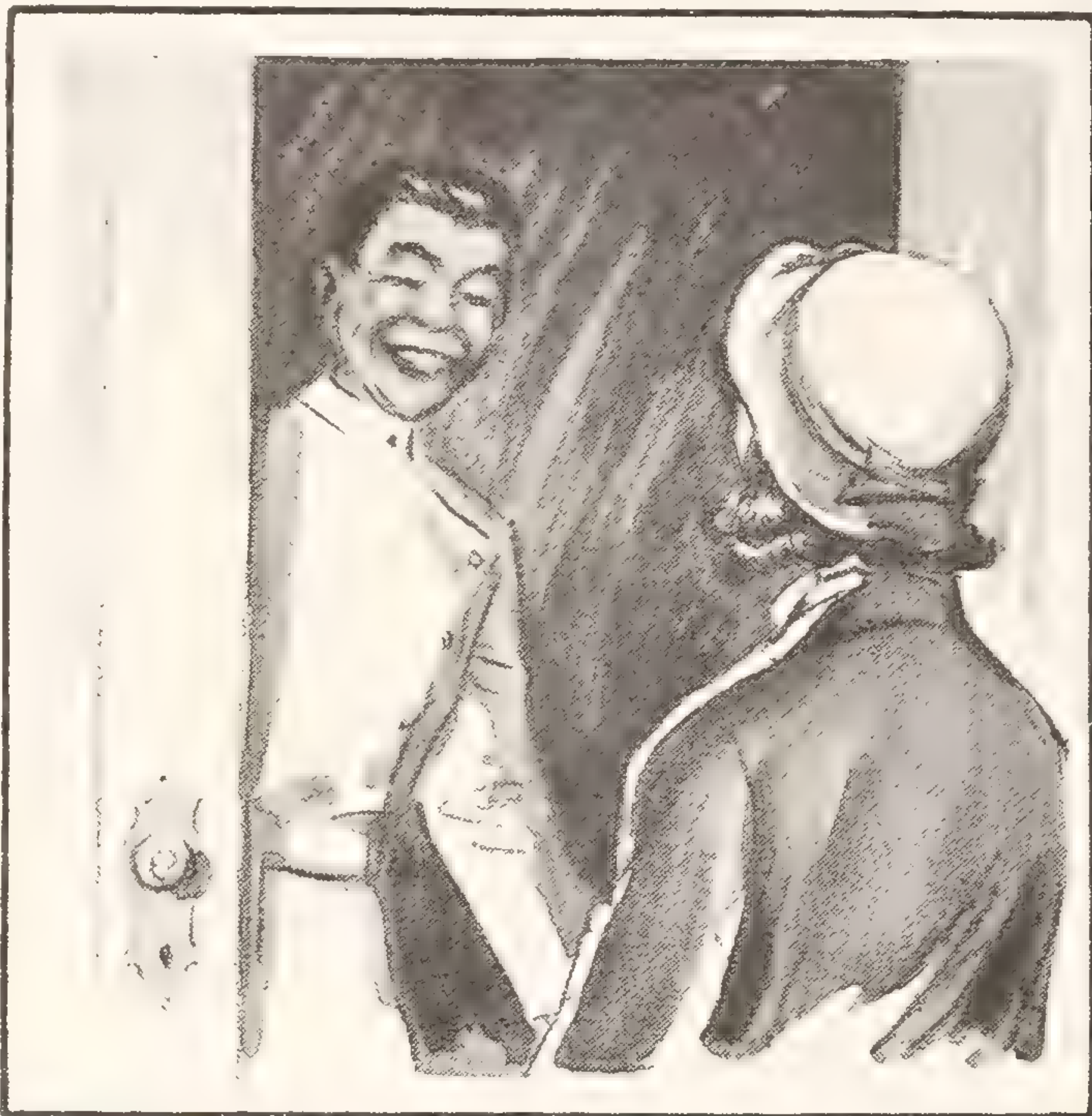
I was a girl without a room, without a nearby friend, without resources or prospects. Where *could* I go?

## Chapter VIII

I HAD never been locked out before. Up to now I had thought of such an experience as something that happened only in fiction. Now it had actually happened to *me*. "Believe it or not," I thought ironically.

I had the clothes I stood in, the small sum in my purse, and nothing else. Everything else was locked in my room. Not that I had much—just a few clothes that probably would not sell for the price of one good meal.

Hollywood Boulevard was crowded with gay, hurrying people. The cafés were packed full, the closed shops brilliantly lighted. A long line was already forming outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre as I passed along—still headed nowhere. Miss Nancy Dare's latest picture was showing there. That gave me an added pang . . . she had not repeated her invitation to call on her . . . Where was I going, anyhow? I walked over to Sunset Boulevard and sat down on one of the wooden benches at a bus-stop. It was close to the curb, and sleek, expensive cars skimmed by me, so close that I could feel the breeze they made in passing: cars full of happy, prosperous people, who knew where *they* were going! The brief carnival that marks Hollywood's early evening was beginning. It swept past me, unseeing. [Continued on page 52]



"Is Mr. Laurence at home?" I finally managed to ask. "I think extremely not," said the Japanese. "I make inquiry, please. What name?"



# Famous, But Human

Those words describe straight shooting Annie Oakley, the heroine of the 1880's—and Barbara Stanwyck, who brings her back to life and is amazingly like

BY HELEN HARRISON

**B**ARBARA STANWYCK is an unusual phenomenon—a charming, normal touch of the spectacular.

If you have never seen Barbara “in the flesh”—without color photography—imagine beauty. Her skin is smooth and soft and lovely, a lustrous titian, and her eyes a flashing dark. The secret of her success is not her loveliness, which is more than skin-deep.

She has had the courage of her ambitions—willingness to fight for fame on the battle-ground of determination to succeed, not as a coquette “straight shooting.” Everyone knows about her sense of fair play, her capacity for hard work. You know the complete Barbara.

But movie-goers will be given that privilege of seeing her in the title rôle of *Annie Oakley*—the screen biography of a pretty woman who made her way in a man's world. If you know your Buffalo Bill, you know your Annie Oakley, the backwoods girl of the 1880's, made an international name for herself as America's straightest shooter. And Barbara is amazingly like this woman—she sincerely and sincerely portrays—who also was a lovely woman, married a Frank, and also had a soft spot for children who might have to struggle. She struggled, if she did not do something about it, not only famous—but human.

● OF ANNIE OAKLEY, Barbara says with candor: “Modern women could learn from her. She was a woman of the ages, in spite of all her shooting ability—which she used to support her family. She wasn't born with a silver spoon, you know. She was raised in Ohio. She earned her own early living as a girl, her widowed mother and sisters by sending them to the Chicago markets. That was the way for her later success. It couldn't be fun, but it was the only thing she could do, and she aged to do it better than anyone else.”

“I have a sketchy idea of how she grew up in a city—Brooklyn, [Conti



# One POWELL *and here's why!*

was a Grade A problem. I wanted to run people looked at me. I remember I was crazy little girl and ached to play with her; but she would come up to me and want to be could get numb all over and would run home— my eyes out because I hadn't known what to Mother didn't know what to do to cure me. any of the relatives or the neighbors—though ty of ideas. Finally, someone suggested that ed was a little forced mingling with other I would soon lose my self-consciousness, told Mother, if I could feel that I was one and could do everything that the group did. ed dancing school for me. Mother was so at she was willing to try anything. And that's arted."

was nine years old when her Mother inaugu- Great Experiment—which was to succeed soleanor would become world-famous. In thataturday dancing school in Springfield, Massa-earning such social accomplishments as thetwo-step and the fox-trot, the little girl-who- other-people-to-look-at-her forgot her painful She had lost herself in the discovery of a world of rhythm and motion. The mostupil in the class when she began, she becamevo Saturday afternoons—the star pupil. Herthat the child had such talent that she de-iced instruction.

eeing that Eleanor received that instruction, —Mrs. Blanche Powell—cannot be givenedit. Mrs. Powell had separated from her n Eleanor was a baby. Ever since then, ed to support her little girl and herself. Theen none too easy; few dollars could becuries. But when she saw what dancing





had done for Eleanor, and saw the child's lightfootedness and love for dancing, she decided that "advance instruction" was one luxury that she could—and would—afford. Ten-year-old Eleanor Powell entered the Springfield dancing academy of Ralph MacKernan—the first of three men who were to guide her footsteps to fame.

● "HE gave me a thorough grounding in everything a dancer should have," she explains today. "Kicking exercises. Acrobatic work. And then ballet work—the foundation of all good dancing. Ballet can give a dancer poise and grace that nothing else can. *If I am anything today, the secret is that I had five years of ballet training.*"

"The first year, I had one lesson a week. It lasted for two hours. The second year, I had two lessons a week. The third and fourth years, I had four and five lessons a week. And the last year, I spent most of my time at the studio—not only taking further instruction, but being assistant to Mr. MacKernan. I had charge of the 'baby' class. I loved it. I still love it," she adds, parenthetically. "If anyone at a party says, 'Eleanor, show me how to do that tap you did the other night,' I'm off. I can't resist the temptation to teach. We go off in some corner and practice—and the party is a success for me. Most of them don't know that I've had only ten actual lessons in tap in my life."

Believe it or not—it is true. But in mentioning those ten lessons, Eleanor is 'way ahead of her story. She has not told us how—or why—she happened to leave Springfield.

"When I was thirteen," she resumes, "I went to Atlantic City to spend the summer with my grandparents. I practically lived on the beach and I was as brown as a berry. One day I was turning cartwheels and doing some other acrobatic stunts we had had to do in dancing school, when a middle-aged man walked up to me and asked me if I could dance. I said, 'A little.' He said, 'I'll give you

seven dollars tonight if you'll do an acrobatic dance at the Ritz-Carlton Roof.' The man was Gus Edwards—you know, the famous producer of kid revues for vaudeville, who discovered Eddie Cantor and Lila Lee and a flock of other stars, when they were youngsters.

"I raced home and told Mother, who was down from Springfield, that I had a job. She didn't believe it. Who would offer a thirteen-year-old girl a job as a dancer? When I finally convinced her that it was true, she wasn't sure she would let me go. She [Continued on page 54]



"I have lived in my own little world of trying to improve." That is Reason No. 1 why Eleanor Powell became a sensation in *Broadway Melody* of 1936







In the British picture, "Transatlantic Tunnel," dealing imaginatively with life fifty years from now, Madge Evans wears this ultra-smart suit—which is also highly chic today. A fur-edged cape-jacket, which has been stressed in recent Paris showings, tops a stunning long-sleeved dress of the same silver-flecked blue material

# fashion

## foreword

BY GWEN DEW

THE New Year and I sat down to have a good old-fashioned gossip about the fashion news that was drifting across my desk. Bulletins from Hollywood, news-letters from smart New York shops, cables from Paris. From all three came startling reports . . . fashion echoes of newspaper headlines. The world is going military-minded, and so are fashion designers!

Millinery is military, dresses have taken on martial touches, coats are styled in the West Point manner—with capes. And, reminiscent of the World War years, skirts are shorter! Daytime dresses are to be fourteen inches from the ground, while evening gowns will just touch the floor in front and will be slightly longer in back. Afternoon dresses have taken a decided leap upward and are the same length as street dresses.

And clothes-colors are as brilliant as a military pageant. Italian red is one of the favorites . . . as is another burning red called "Gaulois." The favorite blues are deep blue, royal and light porcelain. And there is a fashion riot of in-between colors—the brightest in years—to challenge the daytime popularity of black and brown and deep blue, those "always-right" colors.

Once I had an inkling of all this, I decided that there was nothing to do but go out and start a 1936 wardrobe. So with my little budget in hand, I sallied forth into the shopping sector—as eager-eyed as an army scout.

● AND what exciting things I saw! Stylists seem to be torn between a revival of the quaint, adorable fashions of 1913 (the year before the Great War) and a revival of the serenely glorious styles of the Italian Renaissance.

First of all, I shopped for a suit—always the working girl's first answer to her clothes problems. A suit is good for all day . . . and if you're going on to a date immediately after office hours, you can just add a "dress-up" satin blouse, and there you are! I picked out a tweed one, very tailored, with a matching topcoat that can also be worn with everything else I own, which solved my coat problem at the same time, praise be! The whole outfit has a military swagger to it, aided by such touches as good old soutache "frogs" for trimming. There are grand sales on such suits now. Incidentally blouses seem to be buttoning up around the neck . . . and some of them, copying men's shirts, are in deep, solid colors. Black satin blouses for business girls are supertrim!

Several scarves, of course, to be worn Ascot-fashion, had to be selected. There are little new cat-bow ones of soft kid, with matching belts and purses . . . besides the conventional large cloth squares. Scarves all are brilliant in tone . . . designed to offer vivid contrasts to the main colors of suits.

Next I went searching for a [Continued on page 70]

### Highlights

- Tramp, tramp, tramp, the girls are marching.
- Millinery is military, dresses have military touches, coats have capes.
- Styles have gone pre-War and Renaissance.
- Colors have gone riotous, inspired by the old Italian masters—and colored suede gloves are the rage.
- Even shoes have a masculine motif, with bags to match them.
- Hat crowns are shallow, brims are wide.
- And hand-knitted things still are the most figure-flattering.



# *Classic's* FASHION PARADE



WHITE satin is sophisticated. So is the blondest of blondes, Jean Harlow. Together, they are a glamorous picture. Ultra-new, her gown has Grecian drapery, a "straight-across-the-shoulders" neckline, and gathered front-fulness



BLACK transparent velvet has soft feminine charm. So has Jean Harlow. Together, they are an alluring picture. Her gown, graceful in its simplicity, features a wide yoke of mousseline-de-soie, and puffed off-the-shoulder sleeves.





3



4



5



2

# What Every Smart Girl Could Wear

Anne Shirley, of the pert personality, has a wardrobe—and ideas about clothes—that will appeal to every young modern

By MARIAN RHEA

**L**IFE is one grand thrill for anyone fair, feminine and still in her teens . . . particularly when winter arrives. Winter is party time, dress-up time, the time for being excitingly lovely. Or it *can* be, if she is glamor-conscious and style-smart.

Clothes that are chic and clothes that are practical are almost as important to the alert, active young modern as her meals. Sometimes even more so . . . What should she

wear to winter luncheons and afternoon bridge parties and dinner dances and such? What will be appropriate? What will be in good taste? What will be ultra-smart without taxing a girl's allowance (or pay-check) too awfully much?

I have found all of the answers for you in Hollywood, the capital of glamor, which is giving the whole world new (and *practical*) fashion ideas. A certain little red-headed girl, scarcely past her middle teens but already famous in motion pictures, had the answers. I mean Anne Shirley—who may be starring as an old-fashioned girl in *Long Ago Ladies*, but is, in private life, one of Hollywood's most modern maidens.

Young, pretty, smart-looking and possessed of excellent taste, Anne is a vivid source of information concerning what the smart, early 1936, girl

**MOVIE CLASSIC** presents, on these two pages, the highlights of Ann Shirley's personal wardrobe. Note their simple smartness—and note particularly her stunning three-in-one evening ensemble on the opposite page. Each garment is described in detail in this clever article.



will be wearing . . . especially if she adheres to two easy-to-follow rules:

1. *Dress simply.* A girl's youth is a priceless possession and should never be spoiled by over-dressing.

2. *Select good clothes.* Buy durable fabrics if you would consistently look well, because youth is active and hard on clothes.

● As the best means of illustrating her ideas of a suitable winter wardrobe for a girl in her teens, Anne showed me her own.

We first considered *everyday things*, which a girl might wear around the house, although we agreed that she probably wouldn't be there much. Nevertheless, there are those times when boy and girl friends drop in unexpectedly for a chit-chat or a game of ping-pong or bridge—and even then she wants to look chic.

Anne's "home wardrobe" includes a sweater and skirt and a silver-gray angora frock with black leather trimming. The skirt for the first outfit (See illustration 4) is dark green—you simply couldn't have a real wardrobe this season without a good deal of green—and the sweater is a lighter green, coat variety, to be worn with or without a green suède belt, but always with a scarf of some kind.

The angora dress (See Illustration 1) is perfectly plain except for the flare at the bottom of the skirt, leather lacings in front with a bow at the throat, and leather trimming on the belt. A very effective dress, this, on a miss with flaming red curls.

● "If a girl must economize on her clothes budget," says Anne, "I think it is a good idea to select dresses for lunching, afternoon parties and

informal dining that will all go with the same coat. For instance, if her coat is black, she will have a wide choice in dresses—black, gray, green, dubonnet, any color except brown and the darker shades of blue. But if her coat is in any bright color, she will have to be a little more careful to choose things that will harmonize with it."

Her own favorite dress of this type is a black silk in novelty weave with a short flare to the skirt (these flares are awfully tricky-looking when a girl is dancing), a sash belt tipped with long fringe, and collarless yoke fastened in front with silver marble-shaped buttons. The sleeves are long and snug around the wrist. (See Illustration 2.)

Anne has another black dress—black velvet with demure collar and cuffs of Irish lace. (See Illustration 3.) It has the new full back and the bodice is fastened down the front with crystal buttons. With this dress, she wears black patent-leather shoes and a Tyrolean velvet hat trimmed with an iridescent quill and a short mesh veil with lace edge.

"If you want to capture a fraternity pin, just wear black velvet with white lace collar," says Anne, with all the wisdom of her years. "The combination is practically infallible!"

Anne's third frock of the "stepping-out" type is dark green wool crêpe, a two-piece affair trimmed with black broadtail and highlighted with a crystal pin at the high neckline. (See Illustration 5.)

"I don't believe in spending all of my millinery money for just one hat. The older woman may get by with one knock-out of a hat, instead of several less [Continued on page 70]



6



7



10



9



8

45





Helen Vinson wears a gown of silver lamé, with accordion-pleated skirt and chic jacket

## Evening Stars



Jean Muir "goes Grecian" (right) in chiffon over red crêpe. Her dramatic mantle (above), is made of red and gold metal cloth



Marian Marsh sponsors "the formal suit" — in emerald green and gold metal mesh, with a blouse of pale green net

Virginia Bruce favors simplicity in a black crêpe gown with off-the-shoulder sleeves and a high, square neckline



Helen Wood, young newcomer, is individual in her blue crêpe dinner dress. It has "halter" bands in back



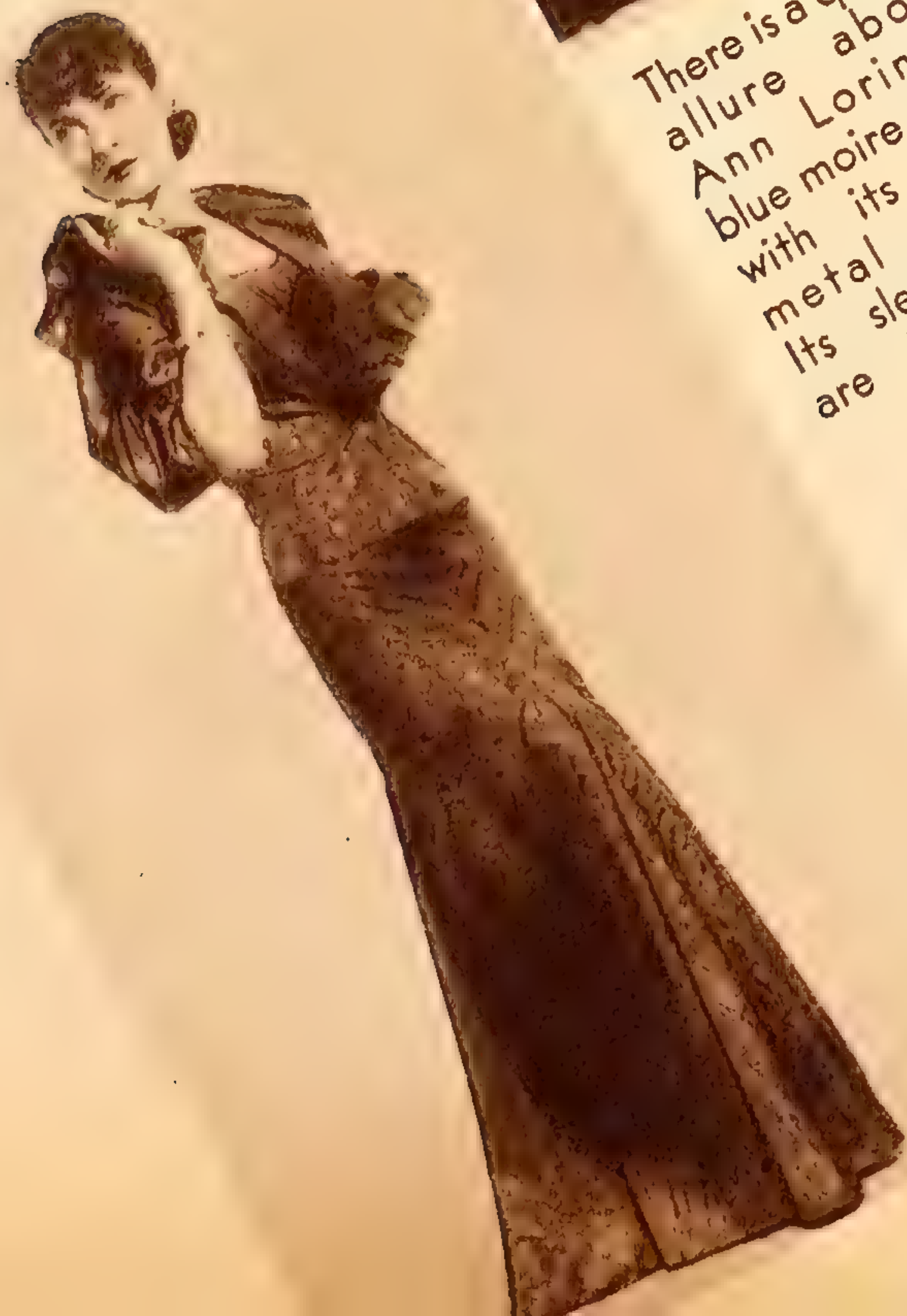




A bit medieval  
is Elizabeth  
Allan in her  
simple black  
dinner gown,  
with its standing  
collar and long,  
monastic belt



When Cecilia  
Parker doffs the  
large-sleeved  
jacket of her  
black crêpe  
cocktail gown,  
it becomes  
a dinner dress



There is a quaint  
allure about  
Ann Loring's  
blue moire frock  
with its gold-  
metal print.  
Its sleeve-bows  
are interesting

Utterly simple,  
utterly smart is  
Dolores Del Rio's  
formal gown with  
its loose bodice,  
trim collar and  
molded hipline



A very modern  
version of the  
robe de style is  
Gladys Swarth-  
out's eloquently  
simple gown of  
stiff, brocaded  
lamé (below)



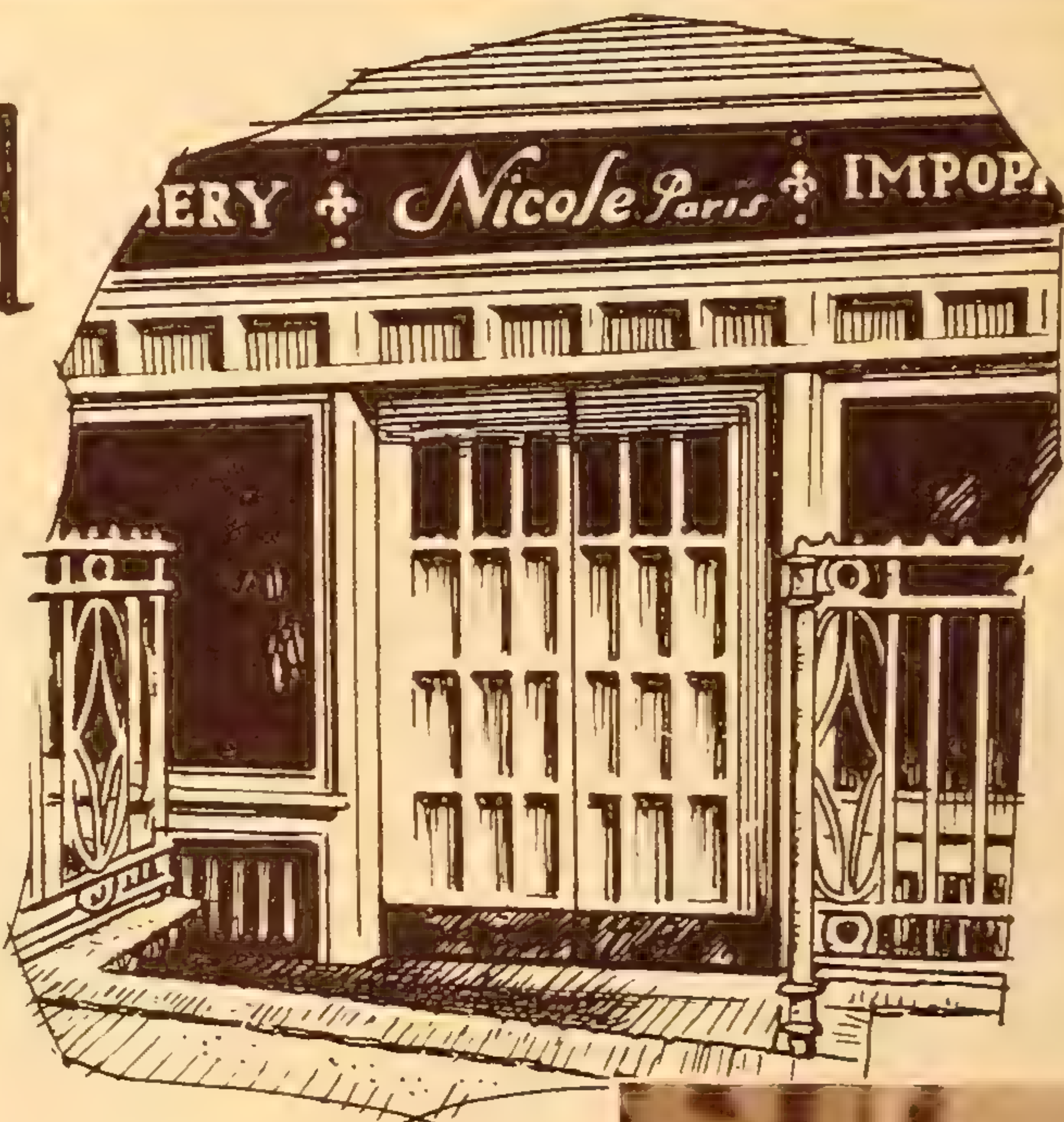


Marjorie Weaver, Warner Bros. beauty contest winner, models a new version of "a feather in her hat"

# Hats for Hollywood —and You



Up on one side,  
down on the other,  
a feather on top



All photos taken  
exclusively for  
MOVIE CLASSIC  
by Ralph Daigh

Into this smart shop on East 55th St., New York, walks many a famous film star to have hats especially designed by Madame Nicole. Those shown herewith are samples—all "made for Hollywood"



Off-the-face, with  
a dramatic veil  
pendant at oneside



A bit military—  
trench-cap style  
—with a pom-  
pom up on top



A Robin Hood felt, with  
a dramatic feather dra-  
matically placed—in front



Also military,  
with a "forward  
march" motif—  
and a double  
pom-pom on  
the front line



# CLASSIC Stresses Practical Dresses — That Are Easy to Make

Two practical-minded stars—Glenda Farrell and Claire Trevor—model two dresses that you can easily add to your wardrobe!

Triumph in tweeds — in the Claire Trevor manner! Whether you wear bright shades or pale shades, tweeds can give you tailored smartness both in town and in the country. Claire's trim ensemble (below)—which she wears in "Navy Wife"—is in a gray and white check. The bib vest, adding a chic touch, is of white linen. And you can copy the whole ensemble in every detail—with Pattern 831, designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c



831



Take a fashion tip from Glenda Farrell: Have at least one dress in your wardrobe that is simple enough for all-day wear, yet can ease gracefully into the cocktail hour! Glenda—now appearing in "Miss Pacific Fleet"—models just such a dress, above. It is of raspberry-red silk crêpe, but it can be made just as effectively in other colors and fabrics—with Pattern 830. Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Patterns are expertly styled in every detail—are easy to use (with complete, clear instructions)—and are accurately cut, insuring perfect lines. They are obtainable at any store selling "Screen Star Patterns." Or you may order by coupon below.



830

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service,  
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed.....cents, please send me Glenda Farrell Pattern No. 830—Claire Trevor Pattern No. 831 (circle style desired).

Size..... Bust.....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Patterns, 25c each

Canadian readers may order by mailing coupon to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Canada.



# Does Your Make-up Match Your Wardrobe?

It can—if you take tips about color harmony from the beauties of the screen!

By *Alison Alden*

**D**O YOU take beauty hints from the most beautiful women in the world . . . the actresses of Hollywood? Then you are living in a new world of color, a glamorous, lovely world, in which clothes and complexions harmonize.

The beautiful women of Hollywood place implicit faith in what cosmetic colors can do for their beauty; also, they wear clothes whose colors enhance their charm. And *you* should—and can—do the same.

It has become very much the vogue to be the sweet, ultra-feminine sort of girl—the kind whom men adore. And we can thank Hollywood for the trend. Several recent pictures have glorified the quiet, compelling charm of unaffected beauty—and given women everywhere the longing to be softly, daintily feminine.

Witness the high success of the four stars pictured on this page—Rochelle Hudson, Joan Bennett, Myrna Loy and Elizabeth Allan, all so truly feminine that you know they are made of “sugar and spice and everything nice.” They represent, respectively, the four color types into which all of us fall: brunette, blonde, titian and “brownette” (which is neither dark nor light, but medium brown).

If you should watch any one of these four stars applying her make-up, you would see that she takes into consideration not only the color of the costume she will be wearing, but its type as well. She would not dream of using the same shades of make-up with a sports outfit as she would with an evening gown, or the same tones with a red dress as with a blue one.

Too many girls overlook the importance of having their make-up match their wardrobes. They wear the same shades of powder, rouge and lipstick from early morning



Rochelle Hudson (top) is brunette; Joan Bennett (second), blonde; Elizabeth Allan (third), “brownette;” and Myrna Loy (bottom), titian. And all four make their clothes and cosmetics harmonize!

until late evening. If *you* are the least bit interested in looking just as pretty as possible (and who isn't?), you must put such a habit into the discard. You must learn to choose shades of cosmetics that will harmonize with the colors of clothes you are wearing, and will be appropriate for the type of things that they are and the time of day or night that you will be wearing them.

● There are two distinct theories about make-up today. Let me explain both of them to you. Then take your choice!

One theory is that every girl, because of her hair, her eyes and her skin-tones, falls into a definite color class (such as blonde or brunette) and that she should always wear make-up colors that harmonize with her skin, her eyes and her hair.

The second theory is that any girl can wear a variety of cosmetic colors . . . just as she wears dresses of varied colors. According to this theory, she can forget that she is blonde, brunette or titian. She [Continued on page 68]





You already know Robert Donat. Now meet three other very charming Donats—Mrs. Donat and Tommy (above) and Joanna (right)!



# My Success Story Is a *Love Story*, says ROBERT DONAT

The young English actor, who fascinates a world of women, owes fame to a fascinating woman!

BY RUTH BIERY

**I**T HAS long been said that behind every great man is a great woman. But it is not often that you find a man who admits it. Although Robert Donat would never say he is great—he is too sincerely modest—he will tell you in his first sentence and in his last that, if it were not for his wife, he would not be a motion picture actor today. And he will give you a hundred examples to prove it.

She might have stepped directly from a painting by Rossetti. Her hair is a violent titian, rioting around her head like a blaze. Her personality is like her hair—continually on fire. Even her delicate hands have the quick motions of young flames. If you have once been the husband of such a woman, to lose her would be to become a Napoleon without his Josephine.

All stories of great success fascinate us. But the story of a man who had five shillings in 1931, and who had been told that he would never make a success in pictures by every producer in England except one (Alexander Korda), and who is deluged today by offers from all over the world—*there is a story more unusual, more fascinating than the average.*

"If it had not been for her, it could not have happened." His eyes turned from blue to deep purple, so emotional was he when he said this. We were in his dressing-room at the studios of London Films, where he has been making *The Ghost Goes West* with our little American Jean Parker and our American funny-man, Eugene Pallette. Like his recent Gaumont-British picture, *The 39 Steps*, it will be shown in America—and should be popular here.

"Her name was Ella Voysey," he continued. "She has some of John Wesley's blood in her and some of Wellington's." He paused as though to let me understand the import of such a heritage. Wesley was the sturdy, stern idealist who gave us many of the "don'ts" of the Protestant religion; Wellington's courage and imagination turned Napoleon from Waterloo. [Continued on page 73]



## Screen-Struck

[Continued from page 38]

What should I do? Take a portion of my small store and wire Buddy for help? No, I couldn't do that. Not yet. I had lied in my letters to him, out of pride. I couldn't tell him now, except as a last resort. To call on him for help would be to abuse a devotion that I was unable to return. Besides, what excuse could I manufacture? And even if I weakened and did wire him, I could not possibly get an answer before morning. Meanwhile, where was I going to sleep tonight? I had just reached this poignant question when a brightly painted flivver drew up at the curb and a voice hailed me.

"I'm heading out Beverly way," Dickey Wells called. "Want a lift?"

Did I want to go to Beverly Hills? Well, why not? It was as good a place as another and Dickey's voice was warm and friendly.

"How's tricks?" Dickey asked.

"Oh, fine, thanks!" I lied, going through the established formula. "Expecting a call any day now."

"That's swell!" said Dickey. "Any time you need your test, just let me know, and I'll fix it up for you."

"That's nice," I said, "I'll appreciate it. Do you live out in Beverly, Dickey?"

"Me?" His look accused me of trying to be facetious. "Only plutocrats like you and the Barrymores live there. I'm on my way to the beach. By the way, where do I take you?"

"Just drop me at the corner of Alpine Drive," I said, thinking fast.

"Well," he grinned, "I don't blame you for being ashamed to drive up to your mansion in this creak! Here we are!"

He drew up to the curb at the foot of the lovely quiet residential street. I stepped out. "Thanks a million," I said. "I have only a step to go!"

He looked at the nearest house—a large one—and said "Good-night" in an awe-struck tone. So I was a plutocrat, a resident of exclusive Beverly Hills!

I TURNED and strolled on up the street, past beautiful homes. There was a scent of honeysuckle in the air. It made me homesick and terribly lonely. I walked another block or two, and stopped on a corner. "This won't do," I said to myself. "I can't go on walking forever." Then I noticed the name on the curb: North Crescent Drive. This was the street on which Clifton Laurence lived.

A great wave of longing just to see him swept over me. Suddenly, my unspoken love for him seemed to me to constitute some sort of claim upon him, just as Buddy's quiet love made me feel obligated to him in an intangible way.

"After all," I thought eagerly, "it was I who was cold—I didn't give Cliff a chance. I made an idiot of myself and drove him away. And he made me prom-

ise to call on him if I needed help. Well, I do need help, desperately. One word from him would open almost any studio door—I'd get a chance if he asked it!"

But even more than the chance, more than the money with which to buy a night's lodging, I needed to see the man himself—to hear his voice, to touch his hand. It was a ravenous hunger that would not be denied. And if he would listen, I would tell him everything . . . how I had acted in that ridiculous manner from pride, how I had learned my lesson from my work—how hard I had been trying to improve, starving myself in order to buy lessons in dancing and diction, and how I had come to the end of my rope tonight. He would understand.

IT WAS a magnificent house, set far back in an elaborate garden. With my pulses beating wildly, my feet lagging, I went slowly up the path toward it. The windows on the lower floor were all lighted. He was at home! This seemed a good omen. I rang the bell and waited breathlessly. After an interval, the door was opened by a perpetually-smiling Japanese manservant.

"Is Mr. Laurence at home?" I finally managed to ask.

"I think extremely not!" said the Japanese. "I make inquiry, please. What name?"

I told him and he nodded and went away, leaving the door ajar. From the room beyond the hallway came the sound of his voice—low, polite. I could not catch what he said, but Clifton Laurence's voice was distinguishable enough.

"No!" he shouted, impatiently. "I have never heard of her. Hito, I have told you a thousand times not to let women in here. Tell her if it's anything important she can communicate with me through the studio!"

I did not wait for the servant's return. With hot tears blinding me, I stumbled down the steps and through the garden, into the mercifully enveloping night.

### Chapter IX

CLIFTON LAURENCE'S rebuff was the last straw. I didn't care what happened to me as I walked away from his house, hurt to the very depths of my being.

For what seemed like a century, I walked blindly, fighting off the desperate thoughts that forced themselves into my tired brain—thoughts of the ocean, the cool waters, and sleep . . . the story of the girl who had jumped from the great letter "H" on the big electric sign on the hills above Hollywood Boulevard . . . desperate, wicked thoughts they were. It was bad enough, I felt, to have failed in pictures, but without Cliff, what was left? But crushed as I was with pain, something in my heart stub-

bornly battled my despair. "Wait—wait a while, Lola, and maybe the pain will stop! Pain stops . . . almost always!"

So far the world had defeated me. But if I committed that last desperate act, I would defeat myself, which was far worse. I stopped in the shadow of an old pepper-tree and looked up through its shower of lacy foliage at the moon. The moon had been up there so long, and must have looked down calmly on so many unhappy girls like me!

"Dear God," I whispered, "I can stand it, if You help me! Help me to bear it, please!"

Somehow, I felt better then. A degree of calm came to my rescue and my thoughts began to clear. I told myself: "I must be practical and refuse to be panicked again. I'll be honest. I'll send that wire to Buddy Kane, tell him the truth and ask to go home—and find some job that I *know I could do!* And try to forget my dreams of a great career . . . and Clifton Laurence . . ."

With a lighter step. I turned south toward Sunset Boulevard, to catch a bus back to Hollywood. The Boulevard, the great main artery of traffic between Santa Monica Beach and Hollywood, was ablaze with light, its broad span alive with darting cars, careless of speed limits. My bus would stop on the south side. Eager to reach the telegraph office and mentally framing the wire I would send, I stepped off the curb. A monster, gray and chromium, roared close. There was a terrific scream. A blinding pain. And a whirl of darkness that wiped out the world for me. . . .

I MOVED my hand and felt a cool sheet beneath it. I moved my head. It hurt, horribly.

"She is regaining consciousness, Doctor," said a calm feminine voice. I opened my eyes. A man with a grave face was bending over me. His hands were very gentle, but the world went blank again. Eons later I felt a cool hand on my forehead.

"Better now?" someone asked. "Do you feel strong enough to tell us your name?"

I made a mighty effort to speak. "How badly am I hurt?" I whispered.

From the look in her eyes, I knew the nurse was lying, kindly. "Not much," she said. But there was my head. One arm wouldn't move. Perhaps other things. . . .

"My name doesn't matter," I murmured. "Nobody is interested."

Another long, blank interval of pain. Then men in blue uniform around my bed. The police . . . Why couldn't they let me die in peace?

"But the name is important," persisted the officer who seemed to be in charge. "It was a hit-and-run case, Miss. Too much of that sort of thing has been going on. Won't you help us?"

I shook my head painfully and would not speak. They talked and talked, but it did no good. I held grimly to my silence.

[Continued on page 57]



## Famous, But Human

[Continued from page 39]

New York—I had to earn my own living as a young girl. I did it by working for the telephone company and cutting dress patterns. And that made me just one of the many young girls and women who battle life just as valiantly as Annie ever did. Perhaps the country was rougher in her day, but the competition couldn't have been so keen. Today, whether a girl wants to be an artist, a private secretary, a writer or an actress, she must be more alert, more capable than those around her to achieve even her smallest ambition."

Although she did not say a word about it, I was thinking of those early years when I had known Barbara Stanwyck. Her name was then Ruby Stevens and she was an alert young dancer in the chorus of a "girl" revue on the Strand Roof in New York. No one had ever heard of her, but that did not discourage her. She determined that someday people would hear of her. She kept right on dancing, practising newer and better steps, although she really wanted to be a dramatic star. It was typical of her that she did the work at hand just as well as she knew how, in the belief that some day she would get her break.

It came when the stage play, *The Noose*, went into production, and several cabaret girls were given small parts. Barbara Stanwyck was one of them. It was not, I believed then, pure chance—and I am more certain than ever of it now. The following season, she was given the rôle of *Bonnie* in the play, *Burlesque*. In this, as in all her endeavors, she was highly successful and immediately established herself as one of Broadway's leading actresses. It was during the run of that very play that

she took her first screen test and promptly received a motion picture contract.

"**W**HEN Frank (Frank Fay) and I came to Hollywood," she told me, "and settled down to work and live here, I decided that, after a long uphill struggle, I wanted a home. I discovered that I was essentially a home-loving person." Annie Oakley made that same discovery. Every woman—no matter how ambitious or how successful she may be—eventually discovers a longing to have a little home of her own if she is human. Annie Oakley was human.

"For all her spectacular career, she got her keenest pleasure from her home-life and the eighteen orphans she raised and educated. Raising children is a grand and worthy career for any woman, whether they are her own or someone else's."

Barbara loves children, too. You can see it when she plays with little Dion Anthony Fay, her own adopted three-and-a-half-year-old. She is devoted to this youngster and I shouldn't be at all surprised if a sister and brother were adopted as companions for him.

"Will Rogers," she told me softly, "was one of Annie Oakley's greatest admirers and friends. Being another homespun human being, he realized the worthwhileness about this woman who was simply great—and, in her greatness, simple. She was a show-woman of the highest type and did much to raise the status of all professional women."

Barbara is just such a woman, too. She is known throughout the picture colony as the friend of everyone. And

the little things, those always important little things, that she manages to do have endeared her to all who know her.

**T**AKE as an instance her consideration of Katherine Doyle, her stand-in. Numerous times late in a long, busy day, when everyone was tired, Barbara would stand under the hot lights until the camera was focused, instead of calling on Miss Doyle. That is really studio procedure in reverse English.

Watching Barbara from the sidelines would give anyone illuminating sidelights on her character, her willingness—and eagerness—to help others. For instance, while Walter Thiele, who has a small part as *Crown Prince Wilhelm*, was going through a particularly difficult routine, she noticed that he was getting tired and asked George Stevens, the director, to halt work and give Thiele a chance to rest. How many stars notice what minor players are doing, or if they do, put themselves out to give them a chance to do their best?

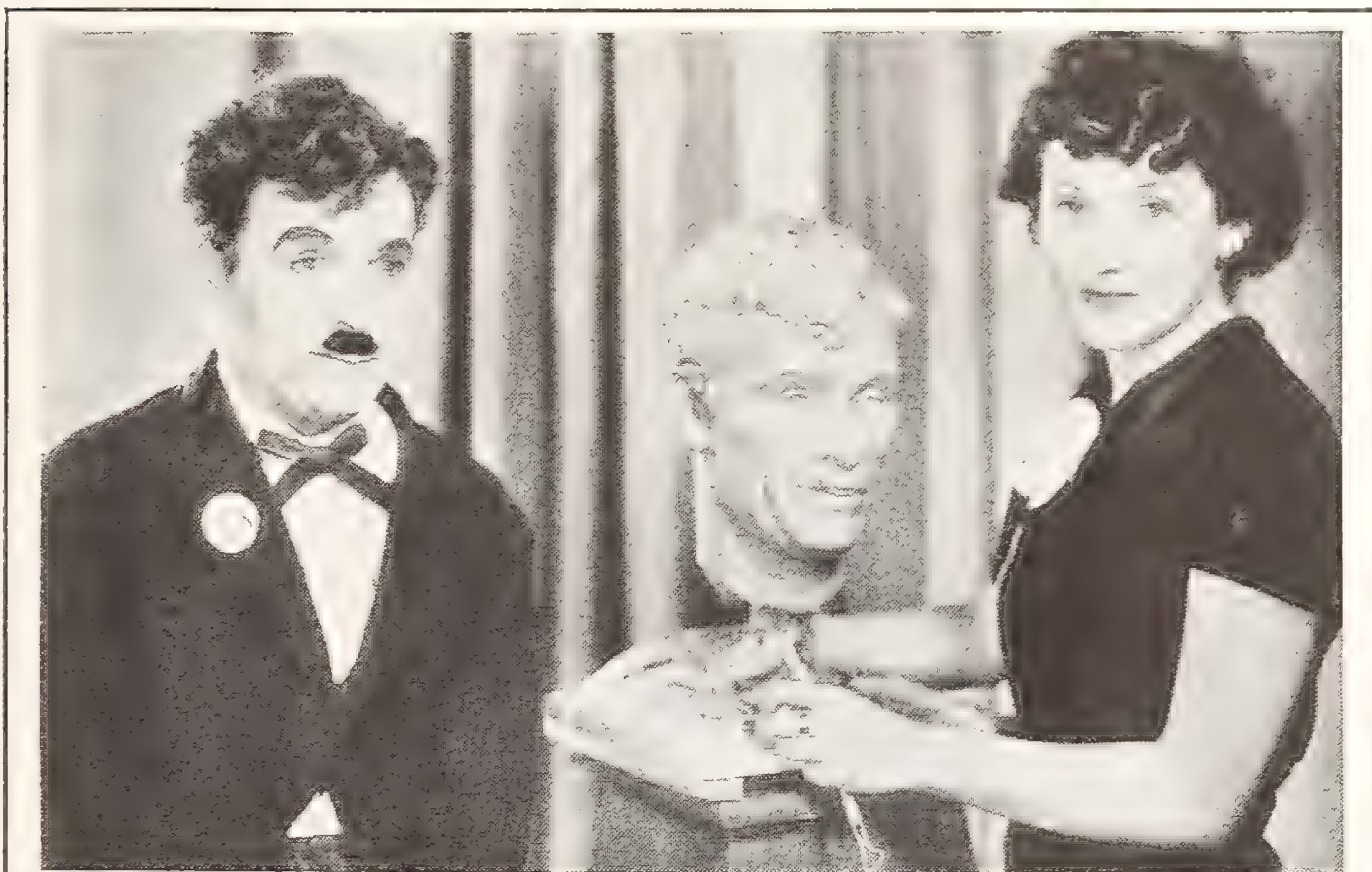
Barbara once told me that she never asks people to do anything that she would not willingly do herself. That, she says, is her test of fairness. It is small wonder then that those about her are always glowing in their praise of her. Co-workers felt the same way about Annie Oakley, according to all the records. Annie, let me remind you, was human.

And she was also human in her pride in her work. As Barbara says, "A woman *should* experience honest pleasure in her ability," she believes. "When a person works hard and diligently, pride is natural and justifiable. Don't you think I revel in the letters I receive from those who enjoy my pictures and tell me so? I do, with all my heart. Working without an audience makes the public's reaction every important and anyone who has been on the stage feels this need of contact with audiences particularly. On the other hand, I think the actress owes a debt to her public. She should try to play believable rôles—rôles that will not only provide entertainment, but depict emotions, and experiences that are close to all humanity, that can be shared by all humanity."

That is really the way she sees her career—as a useful, gainful occupation that has a certain importance beyond the immediate rewards of money and fame. As a commentary on the real Barbara Stanwyck—a normal girl with a slight touch of the spectacular—I quote what she so earnestly said to me about the character she has just played:

"Annie Oakley became internationally famous, but it didn't turn her head. I have been successful within a smaller scope, but I don't think I'm 'high-hat' because of it. I still like the property men, the 'grips,' the cameramen, the electricians and all of the others who do so much to make the work of picture players easier—and I humbly hope they like me!"

... And you know the answer to that!



Wide World

Charlie Chaplin is sure now of a niche in California history. Between scenes of his new comedy, *Modern Times*, sculptress Katherine Stubergh made a life-sized bust of the famous comedian for the Los Angeles Museum



"AT THE FIRST HINT  
OF BLOTCHY SKIN..."

## I TAKE THE 3-MINUTE WAY!"



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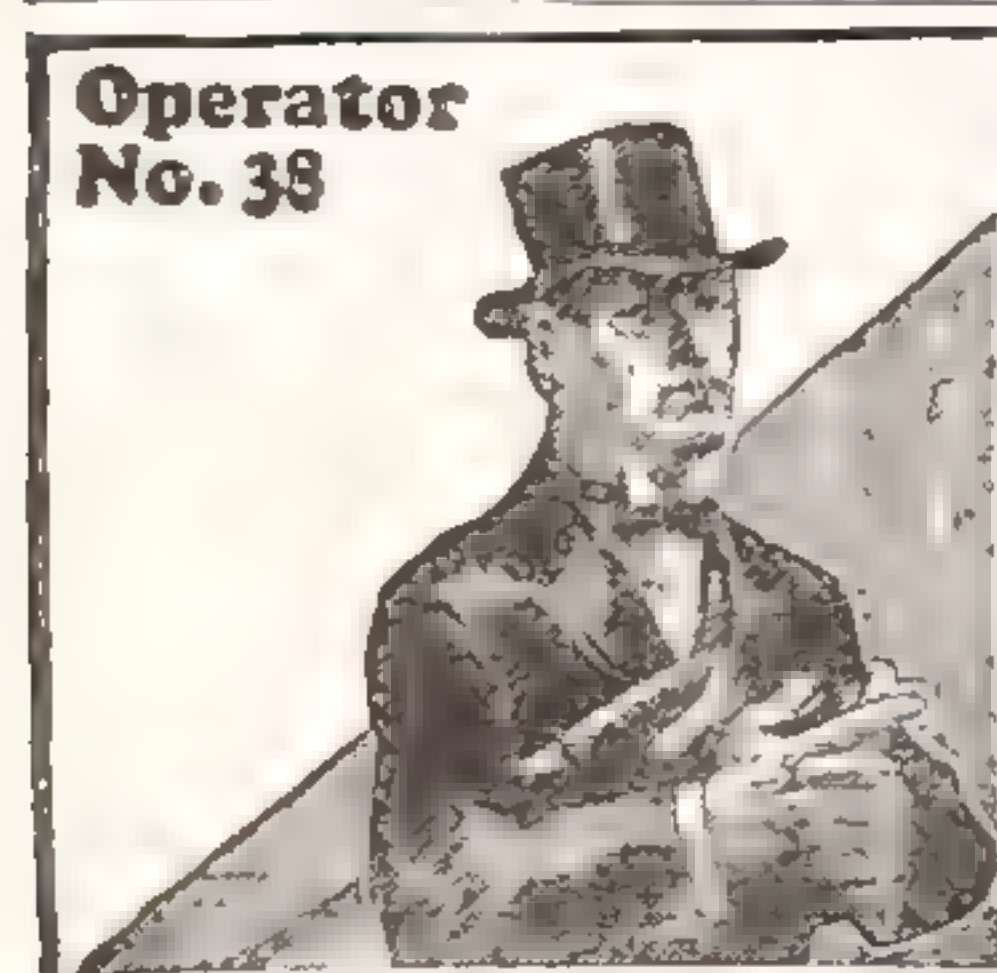
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## There's Only One Eleanor Powell —and Here's Why!

[Continued from page 41]

had never had the idea that I might go on the stage—not at that age, certainly—and she wasn't prepared to face the problem. If I hadn't teased and teased, she wouldn't have let me go. And she went with me.

"I didn't do an acrobatic dance. I did a ballet number—a classical number, called 'A Japanese Sunset'—that I had originated, myself. Picture the scene: A kid thirteen years old, almost as tall as I am now, and as brown as a berry—out there in the middle of the floor doing a ballet number—and getting away with it. For I was hired to dance three nights a week."

**O**NLY a few weeks later, she was at the near-by Folies Bergere Club—earning \$75 a week. There she stayed until school began again in Springfield. The following summer, she was back at the Folies Bergere. (Today she says, with smiling self-mockery, "I wore sequins and spangles and feathers and thought I was just as good as the New York acts!") In September she once more returned to Springfield. That was the year she accomplished the rare feat of doing three uninterrupted pirouettes. Today she can do twenty-two. And she is "prouder of those turns than anything else."

The next summer, she was back in Atlantic City—this time at Martin's, at \$150 a week. "The money didn't mean a thing to me," she vows. "Mother took care of all the worldly things, all the business details, all the worries. I was free to concentrate on my dancing. And it's still that way. I think this marvelous freedom from petty distractions has been one of the biggest helps I have had." It helped her, that summer, to become known as "Atlantic City Sweetheart." Theatrical people, vacationing at the resort, began to tell her, "You ought to go to New York."

"The old theatrical flattery," Eleanor describes it today. "But I fell for it. I told Mother I didn't want to go back to Springfield and school; I wanted to go to New York and go on the stage. She tried to dissuade me, but I wouldn't be dissuaded. She gave in, and we came to New York. I was fifteen and a half, and gawky, and I had an engagement at Ben Bernie's new Club Intime. The club died in two months—and for eight months I was out of a job. You see, I had a very stubborn manager."

The name of that "very stubborn manager" was Billy Grady, and he was the second man to guide her footsteps in the direction they are taking today. As Eleanor tells it, "He said to me, 'Why won't I let you take any of these stage offers? I'll tell you. They're all offers for specialty numbers. If you take them, you'll get typed right at the beginning as a specialty dancer—and

you'll never get a chance to be anything else. When you step on a stage, I want you to open your mouth—have a few lines to say—be a personality, not just a specialty dancer.' A very clever man, Billy Grady. And I knew it.

**"I** KEPT right on practising my dancing, and I had one audition after another. They liked what I did—but they couldn't get excited about it. People wouldn't spend good money to watch ballet dancing, they told me. Could I tap-dance? they asked me. All I knew about tap-dancing was the heel-beat and the off-beat and I had to say 'No.' Finally, I decided that I had better find out what this tap-dancing business was all about. I asked somebody to tell me who could teach me tap-dancing. This person said, 'Johnny Boyle.' I went up to his school and paid for ten lessons—in advance.

"Johnny Boyle was one of these quick, impatient men. He said, 'Well, *maybe* we can do something with you.' He didn't seem to have much hope for me. He told me that I was 'too much the première danseuse' and every time I tried to get a tap, my feet behaved like Chaplin's. I didn't know what it was all about, and it didn't look as if I would ever find out. I didn't break down there—but I did when I got home. I was going to give it all up. The things I had worked five years to accomplish weren't appreciated. I was going to forget the idea of a career.

"Then I got mad at myself. I had let a little thing like one tap-dance lesson get me down. I made up my mind to go back there and take my ten lessons if it killed me. The second time, Johnny wasn't so impatient with me, and I picked up plenty. . . . Over in a window sat a man watching us girls dance. When the lesson was over, he came up to me and said, 'I'd like to see you in Johnny's office in about five minutes.' I didn't know who he was, but the other girls were awe-struck. 'Why, that's Jack Donahue—the dancing star of *Smiles*. He's Johnny Boyle's silent partner.'"

And Jack Donahue—the Broadway favorite of the day—was destined to be the third man to guide Eleanor Powell's footsteps toward fame. He had called her into Johnny Boyle's office to tell her that she had unusual promise, a phenomenal sense of rhythm, and that he would personally supervise her future lessons. She was just sixteen.

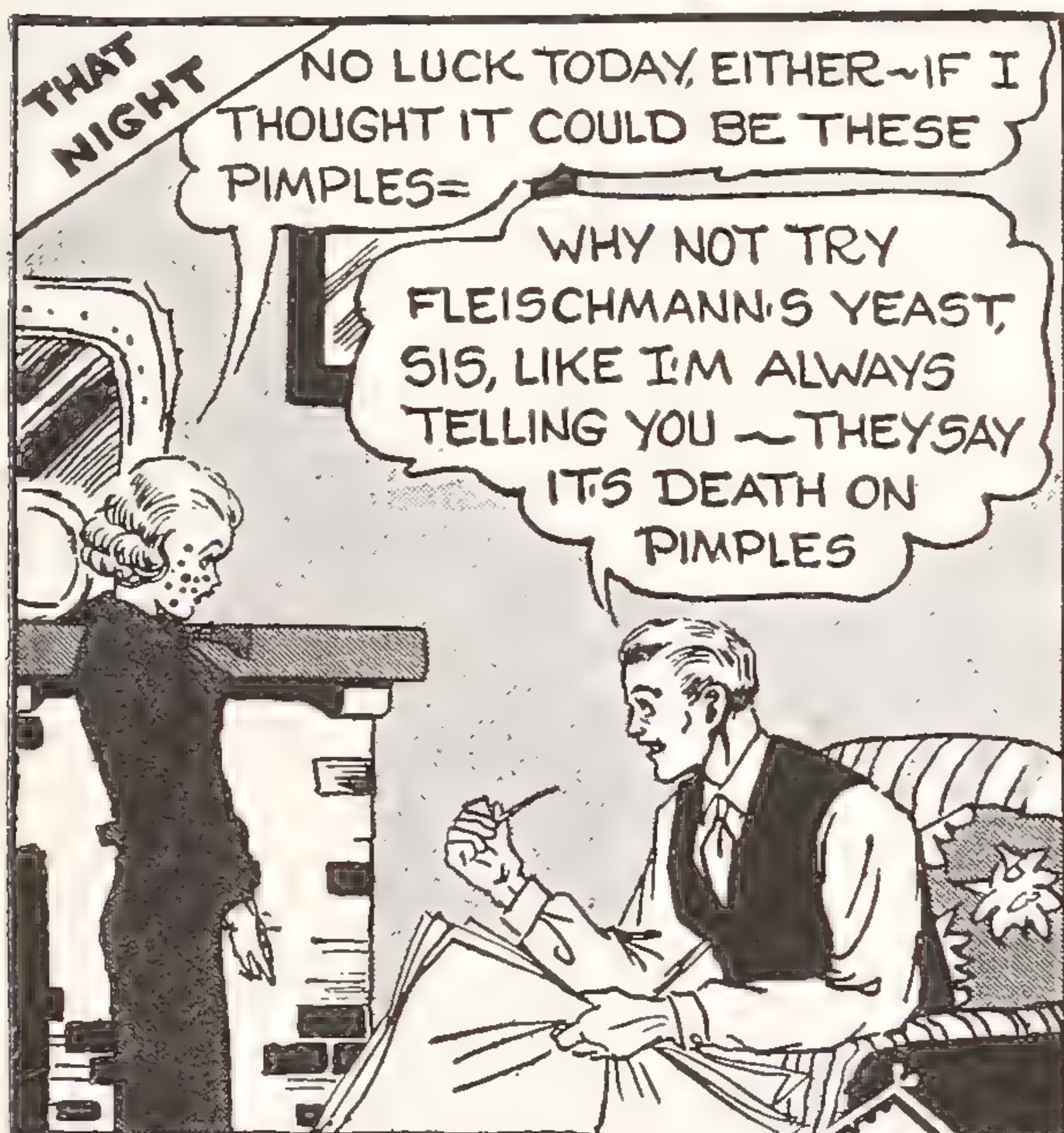
**"I** HAVE followed every bit of advice that he gave me," she says, humbly. "For instance, he told me, 'When you dance, make believe that something very heavy is on your hips—holding your feet on the floor. Don't bounce. Glide.'"

[Continued on page 59]





Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job



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## The Dramatic School That Jean Started

[Continued from page 33]

studying, including night classes. We have been rehearsing scenes from famous plays, studying the history of the theatre and becoming acquainted with countless interesting phases of costuming and scenic effects."

Although Jean Muir and her co-workers are financially interested in the Theatre Workshop, they are not concerned about its being a money-making venture. The number of students accepted is limited, and the tuition is only \$30 a month. Later, if there is a surplus, those who act in plays presented there may earn small sums to defray the cost of their study.

"From the start, we decided to interview all those who wished to join us, but take only those who sincerely wanted to work." The necessity for work seems to be a fetish with Jean. "I recall one girl who came to me after we had begun. 'But Miss Muir,' she protested, 'this is work.' And that is just what we want it to be."

In other words, Jean Muir believes that above all else an actress must learn *how to work* and be willing to spend every last ounce of energy in mastering the task at hand.

STUDENTS at The Workshop will have the advantage of superior instruction. Rouben Mamoulian, the famous director of *Becky Sharp*, is one of many celebrities scheduled to deliver lectures, as is Constance Collier, the veteran stage star. There will be classes in fencing for the women, dancing for both men and women, make-up and diction, in addition to the study of theatrical history.

Nothing has been overlooked in making The Workshop a modern, up-to-the-minute training school for the young actor and actress. Entering the two-story building, with its neat red-tile roof, the visitor finds himself in the tiny theatre. At the moment the auditorium is empty, but from upstairs in a large room that has been swept clean of its nightclub trappings, comes the clash of steel on steel.

Climbing the stairs, he sees about a dozen agile young women engaged in spirited fencing matches under the watchful eye of an expert instructor. Fencing is a requisite at The Workshop, for nothing does more to develop grace, poise and quick thinking.

In another room, light and cheery because of the long row of wide French windows, is a group of girls, busy with brush, cardboard and glue, constructing tiny miniature theatre sets. Some of them are developing their own original ideas; others are copying the sets of famous plays of yesteryear. "This particular phase of the work," Jean Muir points out, "is particularly helpful to the beginner. Ordinarily, one might think the study of stage settings super-

fluous. It is necessary, however, because it makes the student aware of the mechanics of play production. Too, it inspires interest in theatrical history."

IN a small rehearsal hall on the second floor is a raised platform. With a group at work, the visitor is fortunate to catch a glimpse of The Workshop students actually performing. If Jean Muir isn't at Warner Brothers' Studio, where she is under contract, she may be doing the directing herself. Around the platform, students who are not in rehearsal sit in as the audience. But, unlike the usual theatre-goers, they are there to observe, criticize, and discuss the actors and the action during the play. Then there is a miniature theatre, built to scale, where all scenic effects and lighting effects can be tested before a play is ever presented.

There may be more elaborate dramatic schools, but certainly there is none better-equipped to give beginners a chance to work in the genuine atmosphere of the theatre.

"The ambitious young girl," Jean insists, "must start at the very bottom and work up. If she isn't familiar with every phase of the theatre, if she hasn't training in the fundamentals, she is liable to be lost in the crowd—the crowd of wishers, not workers."

No better advice could be given to embryo actresses than these words from a girl who is building her own career on a solid foundation... Do you have acting ambitions? Are you willing to work to achieve them? Do you love the screen and theatre as a student does a great teacher? Then be an actress. Let nothing stop you!

ARE YOU sincerely interested in acting, and intent on a dramatic career? Would you like to have a leaflet describing in detail each course that The Workshop offers? You may obtain one by writing to Miss Jean Muir, c/o our Western Office at 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Or, if you wish, you may use the coupon below.

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Please send me—without any obligation on my part—detailed information about the courses offered by The Theatre Workshop, Inc.

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## Screen-Struck

[Continued from page 52]

Gradually, I began to realize that I was going to get well. "Why get well? Oh, why?" 'Round and 'round my sick mind ran the question. The attendants could not get a word out of me. What was the use of speech?

AND THEN one day a visitor was expected. There were murmurs about it among the nurses. "She" was coming, they said. Everything must be in extra-good order when "she" arrived.

Newly scrubbed and combed, I lay on my immaculate bed. Whoever was coming—I did not care.

At last the door at the far, far end of the ward opened and a quietly-dressed old lady came in, accompanied by the Chief of Staff, with two orderlies bearing flowers. It was Miss Nancy Dare.

Her progress down the ward was slow. She stopped a long while at each bed, leaving gifts and flowers behind. My heart began to flutter wildly. What should I do? Pretend she was mistaken? If only I had strength enough to get up and run away! Presently she was at the foot of my cot. I closed my eyes and pretended to be sleeping.

"This is a pitiful case," said the nurse in that tone of impersonal kindness that becomes second nature to the women-in-white. "She has been here almost a month, and we do not know her name."

"Did she do this herself?" said the compassionate voice of the older woman.

"No," the nurse replied, "it was a hit-and-run accident. And she would get well if only she would try! She just doesn't seem to have the will to live."

A little pause ensued, followed by a sharp gasp. "Why, I can identify this girl!" Miss Dare exclaimed. "But I'm only going to do it confidentially for your own records. I guess she has suffered enough already without adding unpleasant publicity."

In another instant Miss Dare was bending over me, taking my hands in hers, kissing me on the forehead, impulsively. I opened tear-filled eyes.

"So you haven't got the will to live!" she cried crossly. "Stuff and nonsense! I have never heard of anything so ridiculous in all my life!"

"Oh, Miss Dare!" I said, clinging to her, "I—why should you . . . ?"

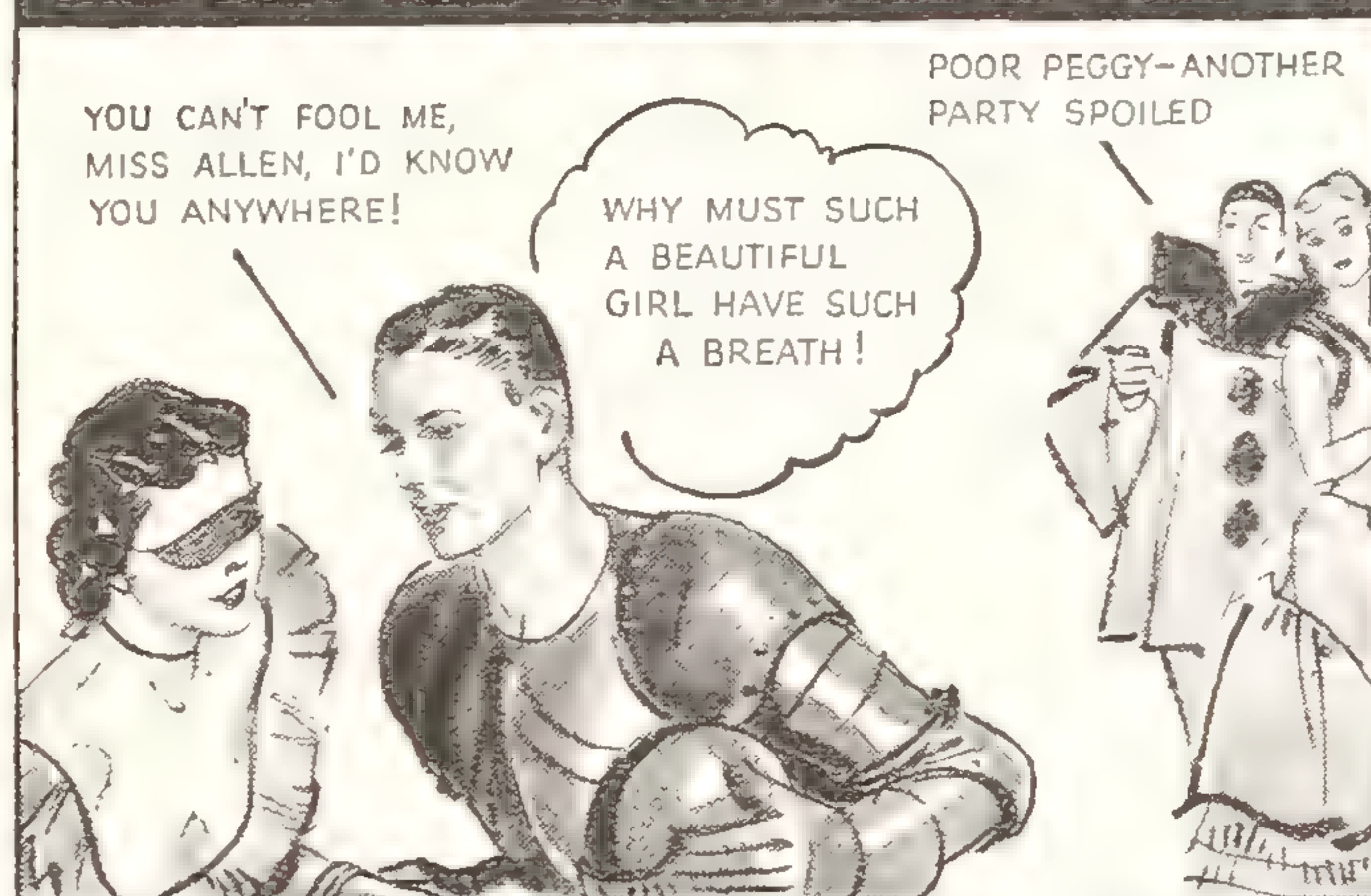
"Why didn't you come to see me first?" she snapped. "I told you to, didn't I? Well, why wait until you get into this mess?" Still holding my hand, she turned to the attendants.

"How long will it take to get me a private ambulance?" she asked, in her quick, brusque way. "I'm taking this girl home with me, and I'll soon show you doctors how little you know about your business!"

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AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES



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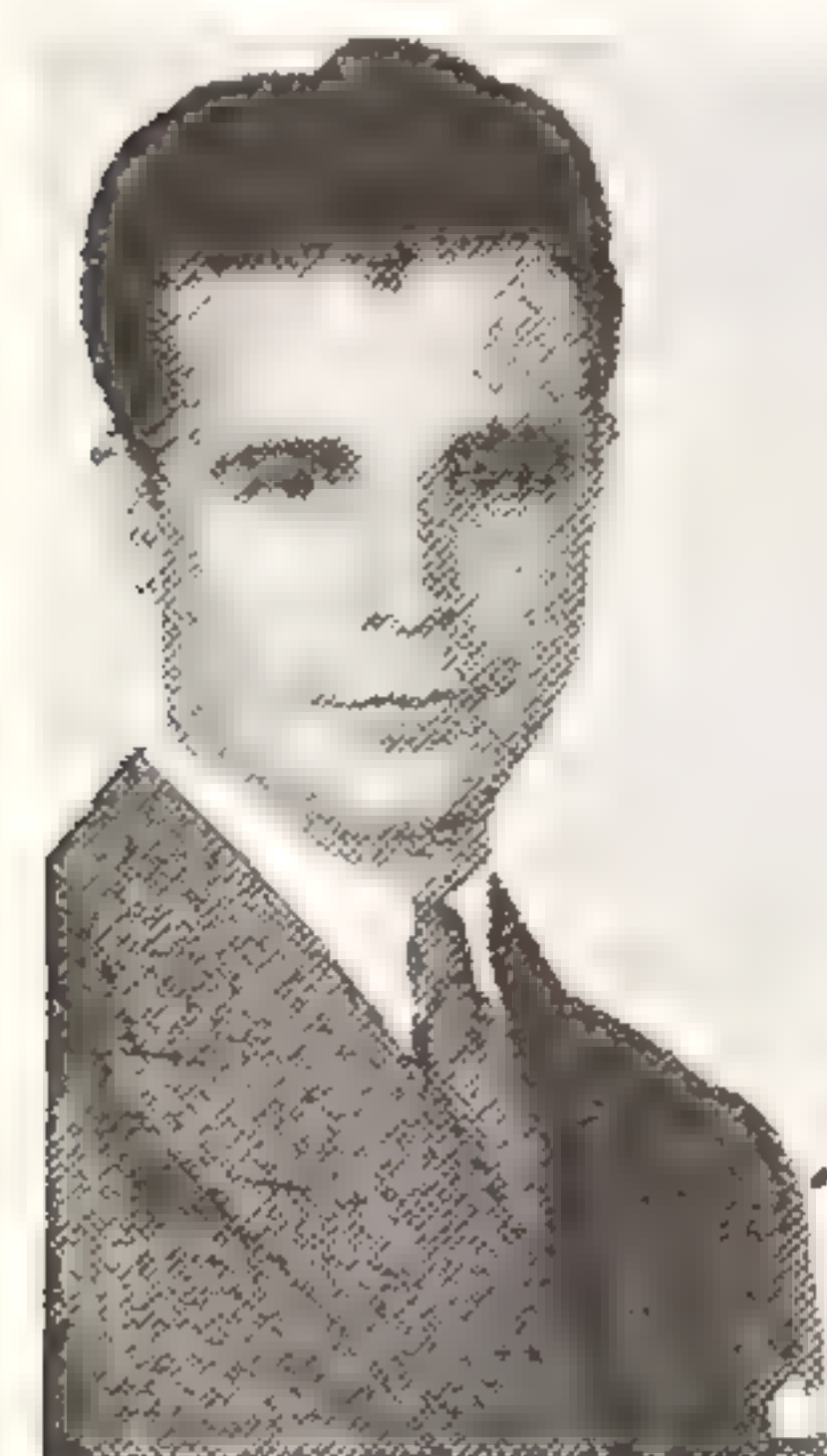
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## Gable Changed . . . ?

[Continued from page 24]

**T**ODAY, four years later, I look at Clark and feel like giving him a pat on the back. I listen to people who say that today he is a vastly different person from the man he was then. I listen to writers who interviewed him in the old days and who tell me that they can't touch him now with a ten-foot pole. And it all rolls off me like water off a duck's back. I've waited almost a month for this interview, but what does that matter? I know that Clark, today, is fundamentally the same as he was when I first met him. There may be more character-lines in his face, but fundamentally, he will never change.

The interview, if you can call it that, took place on the deck of the ship used in *Mutiny on the Bounty* in which he plays the leader of the mutineers.

Clark came from below decks. "Hi, pal," he said. And suddenly all the things I had been hearing about him did matter—mattered tremendously. I happen to like Clark; and when you like a person, you can't hear him put on the pan and then casually dismiss it. You want to set him straight with everyone—so far as is possible.

"Clark," I began earnestly, "has Hollywood got under your skin?"

He looked at me and grinned. "What do you think?"

I nodded glumly. "I think it has in a way."

The smile faded. "What do you mean? How?"

"Oh, I don't mean that you're taking the back-slapping seriously—that you're taking your success 'big.' I don't mean that. But do you remember, when you first came out here, telling me that you liked interviews? You were—were grateful to people. I think you've changed in that way."

"**O**H, NO," said Clark positively. "I'm still grateful—and don't ever think I'm not. I still get a kick out of seeing my name in print and feeling that, perhaps, people are interested enough in me to want to read about me. I still try to be considerate of people. But conditions have changed—and I've had to change with them."

"Look: For more than one year, I haven't had a rest—not one rest—between pictures. There has never been a time during a picture when I have had three or four days off at a time and could go away on a little trip. If I have a day off, there are wardrobe fittings; the publicity department is after me for interviews or portrait sittings or publicity stunts. I can't do all the things that are asked of me."

"In the beginning I didn't work in so many pictures and I had only small parts. I had plenty of time to myself. It was easy to accommodate everybody. Now—don't think I'm trying to make myself out a big shot because I'm not—

the demands made on me are so many that it's humanly impossible to accede to them all. There aren't enough hours in the day. Do you see what I mean? That's why people say I'm 'difficult' now."

I nodded. "Do you remember telling me that when this contract was up you would never sign another?"

It was Clark's turn to nod.

"**W**ELL," I continued, "how is it that you're talking a new contract with the studio?"

"Suppose," he answered, "my contract had expired and I didn't sign again. I'd do all the things I've wanted to do—see all the places I've always wanted to see. Maybe it would take a year. And then what? I'd be bored stiff, so I'd come back to the one thing I know—pictures. And my retirement would have been a fiasco. What's the use of kidding myself?"

"I'm going to make a stab at it, though. As soon as this picture is finished, I'm going to take three months off and go to Europe or South America. I'll see how I like loafing."

"But will you get any rest that way?" I argued.

"That's what I'm worried about," he confessed. "If, when the time comes, it looks as if I'm going to have the clothes torn off me everywhere I go, as I did in New York, I'll just say I'm going to Europe and go to some quiet place."

Through all this quasi-serious conversation, there had run a thread of banter. Clark was in a facetious mood. I wondered if *It Happened One Night* had got under his skin—if he was constantly keeping in character. "Wasn't your rôle in *It Happened One Night* the first comedy part you ever played?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "The only serious thing I ever did on the stage was *The Last Mile*. That happened to be done out here on the West Coast and one of the officials of Pathé saw me in it and cast me as a villain in *The Painted Desert*. So, because I played a heavy in my first movie, I had to become a 'romantic menace' and continue to be one—until *It Happened One Night* came along. Now it looks as if I'm going to have a variety of rôles. That suits me."

The director called him for another scene. I watched Clark walk away and felt like giving him another pat on the back. For despite all I have heard about him and all you may have read about him, Clark—today—is fundamentally the same as he was four years ago when I first met him. And five years from now or twenty-five, he will still be the same—as constant and unchanging as any star the astronomers can tell you about. And that, in the merry-go-round town of Hollywood, is no small achievement . . . He is as real as he looks in *Mutiny on the Bounty*.



## There's Only One Eleanor Powell—and here's why!

[Continued from page 54]

Then he said, 'Fortunately, you have a face you can mugg with. Capitalize on it. Don't dance with a "dead pan"—change your facial expressions—and you'll find that people are more interested in your face than in your feet. They'll think of you as a personality, not just a dancer.'

"And he told me, 'Don't do too many difficult steps. Don't do anything that will look like effort to an audience. Let them enjoy themselves—not work with you.' Today, I do only about nine steps that are difficult. One is the tap-on-turn, which is a feat. Another is that tap I do with my feet hardly moving. It took me three years to perfect that.

"Another dancing lesson that Jack Donahue gave me was: 'Be subtle. Be more graceful than acrobatic. Go in for pantomime—tell a little story with your expressions and your gestures. They will remember you longer.'"

Free from false modesty, she admits that she had something to do with her present success. In fact, she had the most of it to do, if you want to get statistical.

**M**ORE of her secrets: "I am a maniac about rehearsals. I never let myself get out of condition or out of practice. And I don't allow myself to stay static. I keep trying to do something new, something different, something better. Ever since I was nine or ten years old, I have lived in my own little world of trying to improve.

"I originate all the steps I do. I have a pad and pencil on my night-table, because I dream steps. Often, I waken in the middle of the night with some idea for a new step and write it down.

"People have come to think of me primarily as a tap-dancer. That's why I enjoyed that 'Lucky Star' ballet so much in *Broadway Melody*; I don't want to be 'typed.' And every day of my life, I do both tap work and ballet work. Tap work produces long, 'stretched' muscles; ballet work counteracts that, producing short, tight muscles. If I do a half-hour of one, I do a half-hour of the other."

She went to Hollywood originally to do a dancing number for *George White's Scandals*, only because she was heart-broken about being turned down, at the last minute, for the ingénue rôle in a Broadway musical comedy—on the grounds that audiences might not pay to see Eleanor Powell do something besides dancing. M-G-M offered her the chance to become a dancing comedienne in *Broadway Melody of 1936*—and at last she had her chance to do everything she had wanted to do for years.

She is now appearing on Broadway in the musical comedy hit, *At Home Abroad*. When and if it closes, she will be back in Hollywood, where a great future is waiting for her.

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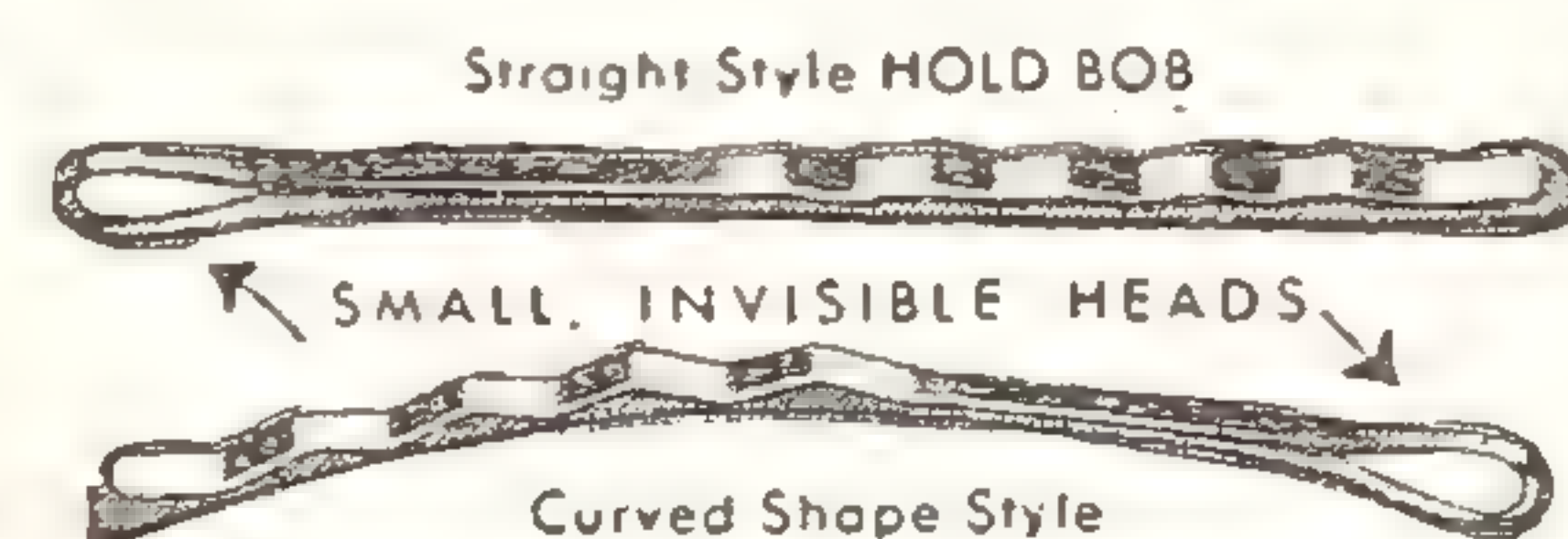
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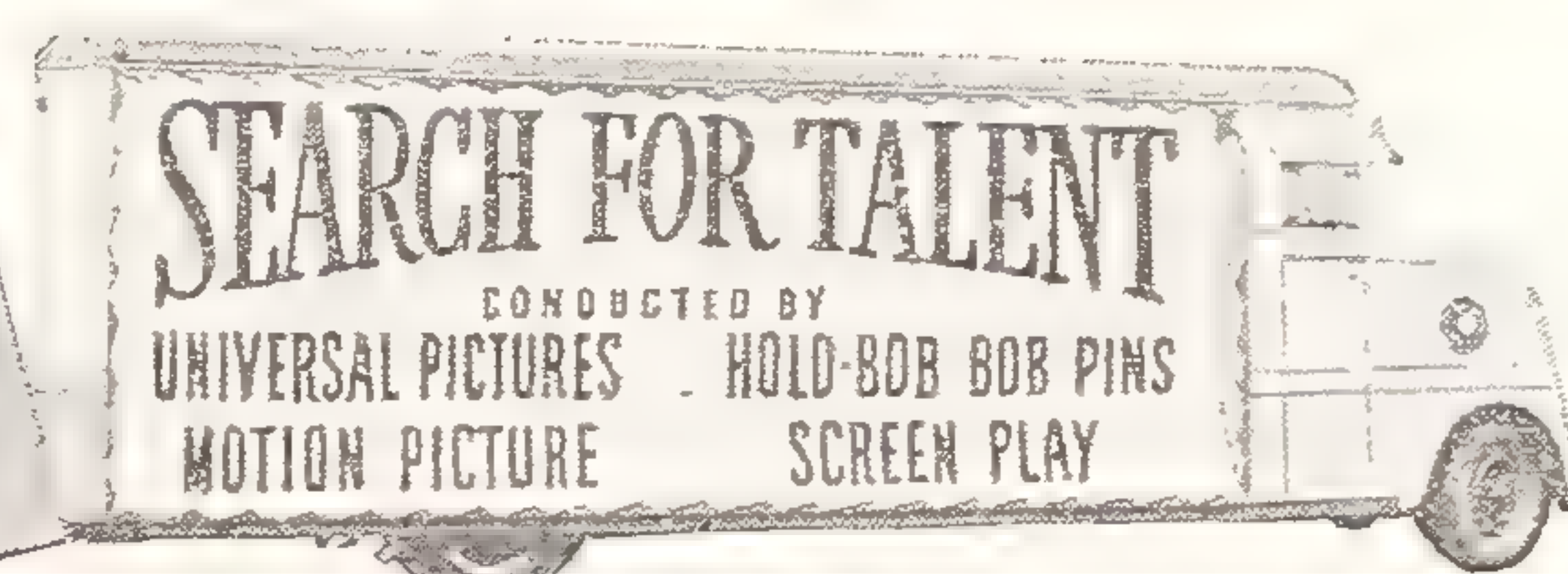
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## Grace Moore's Secret Triumph

[Continued from page 31]

spirit. I kept telling myself that I must not let myself down. I knew that I was in brilliant voice. . . ."

For two days before the opening performance, policemen had to guard the very doors of her hotel room to keep her admirers from intruding, to allow her privacy for voice practice. Everything was hustle and bustle and tension.

And, in the excitement, everyone forgot to tell her that tradition in Covent Garden prohibits applause after each aria—that all applause must be saved until after the curtain of each act!

ON THE NIGHT of June sixth, she made her Covent Garden debut. Every seat was filled and every available standing place was taken. A crowd of thousands, unable to get into the theatre, milled in the street outside. And, before the curtain rose on that first act, Grace Moore waited in her dressing-room, tense, eager, determined.

Through her mind flashed some of the highlights of her life up to that night. Singing in a church choir in Jellico, Tennessee . . . sitting on a hill-top near her home all through one long summer night and resolving to transmute her dreams of musical conquest into realities . . . living in Greenwich Village and making her first contacts with brilliant, artistic minds . . . singing for her supper in a little café . . . knowing the pinch of poverty in her student days in Montmartre and Milan . . . making her debut at the Metropolitan to wild acclaim . . . knowing screen failure and then, three years later, sensational success and . . . and now this—the greatest honor and the greatest opportunity of all!

The curtain went up. A sea of faces gradually took form . . . her own voice, never better, never richer, was ringing clear and true . . . her confidence, soaring like the music of Puccini's great opera, sang from her heart, filled the theatre. . . .

She started her first aria—and, as she sang, remembered subconsciously the tumultuous applause that had greeted the conclusion of the same aria at the Metropolitan in New York, at the Paris Opera House, at La Scala in Milan. The last note died away . . .

And Covent Garden was silent! There was not a single handclap, not a single applauding voice!

"I FELT myself sinking," Grace Moore told me afterward. "All of those faces out across the footlights blurred into a hazy mass. My heart was like lead and I could hardly stand. I had failed—abjectly. I lived a year in that one moment of blank silence. Tears filled my eyes and blinded me."

"A few moments later, when the curtain dropped, I ran from the stage. On the way to my dressing-room, I passed

a glass door and through it saw the thousands who still stood in the street. I waved to them with the last bit of courage I had, and rushed into my dressing-room and closed the door.

"I was crushed, stunned, paralyzed by the sudden sensation of failure. And I was hurt as I never had believed I could be hurt. Years of work, years of climbing, step by step—for this!

"Suddenly, I became aware of voices, shouting my name. 'The crowd in the street,' I told myself, bitterly. 'They couldn't hear me sing!'

"And then my husband, Valentin Parera, and the manager of Covent Garden forced their way into my dressing-room. They were greatly excited. 'Don't you know that it is customary for a prima donna to take a bow?' they demanded—and my temper flamed!

"I'll take my bows to the crowd in the street,' I stormed. 'I won't go on that stage again. I've never sung to stuffed shirts and I won't now!'

"They looked at me with amazement. 'But it's the voices in the theatre you hear,' my husband said. And they half-dragged me, protesting every foot of the way, to the wings of the stage. I still couldn't believe them. When I stepped out on the stage, my knees were so weak that I had to support myself by holding on to the curtain.

"Everyone in Covent Garden was standing! They were clapping and shouting! They were stamping on the floor and shouting my name!

"Suddenly, I realized what it all meant, and my reaction was so swift and so overwhelming that I thought I would surely faint."

Grace Moore took thirteen curtain calls after that first act before the audience would let her retire to her dressing-room again!

NEXT MORNING, the London newspapers forgot their customary reticence in broadcasting the story of her triumph. The critic of *The Daily Mail* wrote: "Never since Melba sang at her farewell performance has there been such a reception accorded a *Mimi* at Covent Garden as there was last night.

"From the time she walked on the stage in the first act until the fall of the final curtain, she had her hearers at her feet . . . after the last act, the applause was sensational!"

The *Daily Mirror* told the world how the Prince of Wales attended a fashionable supper party given for her at Claridge's after the opera . . . and how he sat beside her and enthusiastically complimented her.

But no one told the world about the lifetime of agony that she spent in those few short moments in her dressing-room before she knew of her triumph. No one told because no one knew but Grace Moore—and she has kept it a secret until now.



## Up from the Bottom to Stardom

[Continued from page 34]

do it thoroughly and well. If you seek careers, make your work your absorbing interest. Build substantially."

And that is exactly what Rosalind Russell and her sisters and brothers have done. One of her sisters is the fashion editor of a national magazine, another teaches economics, the third is an honor student in college; two of her brothers are rising attorneys, the other will graduate from law school next year.

**R**OSALIND'S father died during her final year in college. She completed her course and, upon graduating, calmly considered the various kinds of work that she might do. After due reflection, she determined upon acting, and promptly enrolled in a dramatic school. Friends told her that no one could succeed on the stage without God-given talent and influential friends. Apparently, she paid no attention to their pessimism. She believed in herself then, and she believes in herself now.

"This business of being a 'born artist' is the bunk!" she says. "All of us have to learn by experience. The things we work for never fail us. It's the things we *don't* work for that give us the slip.

"Too many people seem to think that success on the stage or screen depends entirely on luck and influence. Luck helps and influence does no harm, but alone they can't carry anyone to the top of the ladder. Ambition and hard work are what count the most in the long run.

"Acting is a highly competitive profession, but it also offers many ways of winning success. So many girls tell me that they 'are just dying to be actresses' and in the same breath complain that they can't get 'breaks.' The trouble with most of them is that they are not willing to start at the bottom and WORK."

That expression, "start at the bottom and work" has been a theme-song in Rosalind Russell's climb to success.

When she graduated from dramatic school, she appeared in the annual class play and her work was so excellent that then and there a theatrical scout offered her one hundred dollars a week to appear in a Broadway production.

"**N**ATURALLY, I was tempted," she admits, "but sober judgment told me that I was not ready for such an offer. I reasoned that if I accepted and failed, I would be immeasurably damaged. I vowed that night that I would climb slowly and never take a step until I was sure of where I was going; I vowed that I would never try to run before I had learned to walk. And I never have."

Her first professional rôle was with a tent show, one of those small com-

[Continued on page 69]

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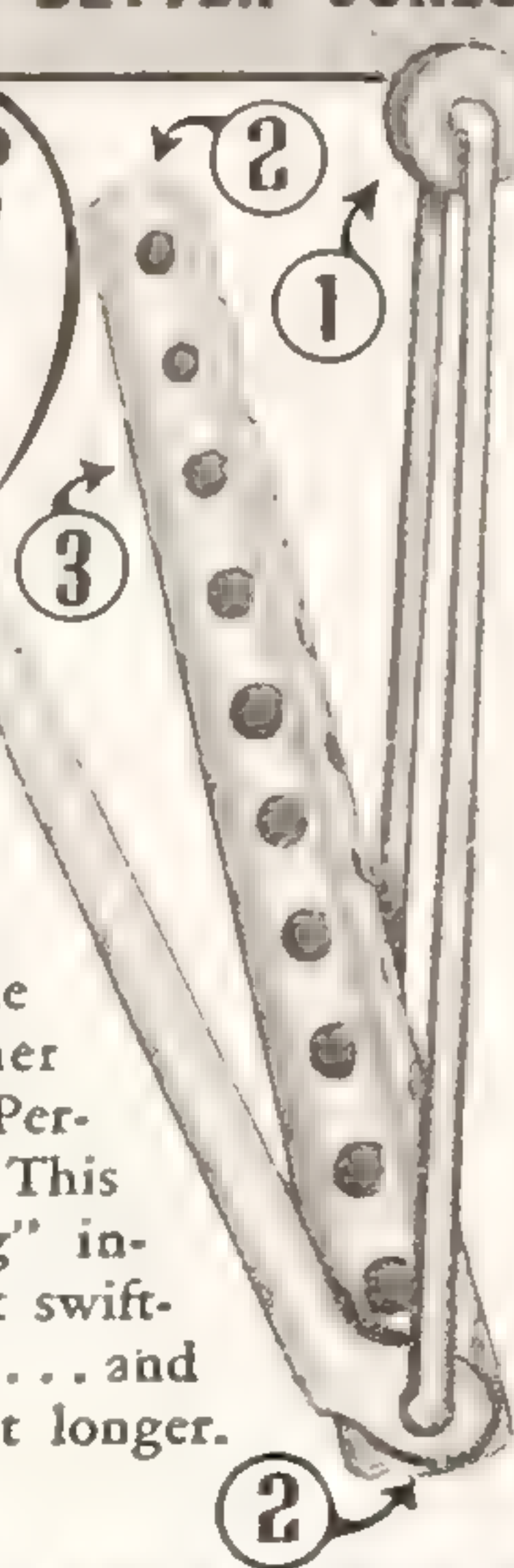


## Charles Boyer—Master of Charm

[Continued from page 30]

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and act at the same time should be placed in a museum."

He has a habit of walking miles on the set, oblivious of everyone, between the scenes of a picture—a habit that was considered "a little unusual" until Hollywood learned that only in that manner could he study his parts. While he paces to and fro, he practices gestures and expressions, talking to himself. Other actors have been known to live certain rôles, but Boyer lives all of his.

According to Parisians, he became a familiar figure on the boulevards doing the same sort of thing. Yet no one there doubted his sincerity; everyone accepted his theory that good performances are possible only through complete subjugation of self. Now Hollywood is taking Boyer as he is—and liking him.

He shuns most Hollywood parties—not because he is high-hat or anti-social, but because he detests cliques, which are to be found at most of the movie parties, discussing nothing but their own particular screen achievements. That is all right for them, he supposes, but as for himself, he refuses to talk shop. He believes that keeping in touch with the rest of the world prevents stereotyped performances. And besides, he prides himself on being kin, socially, to the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, any one of whom he would like to portray. And could portray, realistically. Realism is a fetish with him.

"Always living in the same place and always doing the same things," he told me very seriously, "are detrimental to acting. I find my new contracts, which provide for six months in Hollywood and six months in Paris, ideal. Each time I return to one or the other, I bring a new prospective and fresh ideas. Thus I am not permitted to grow stale."

**T**HERE are two widely divergent stories about him that reveal the true man and the artist, too.

The first concerns the visit of Princess Katherine of Greece to the sound stage where he was working.

Living his rôles, Boyer understandably resents mood-shattering intrusions while he is at work. And long before the royal visit, this particular day had developed into a trying one, with continual interruptions during a tender love scene.

Boyer, who is extremely sensitive, could feel the Princess' eyes focussed on him. He tried the scene several times, and realized that his work was suffering by the experience. Analyzing the situation clearly in the light that this was his business and that it must not be interfered with, he politely, but firmly, had her leave the set.

It made absolutely no difference to him that she had been fêted, wined, and dined by every other major studio and studio official in Hollywood. It was not the Princess to whom he objected, but her steady gaze, which rendered his most conscientious efforts worthless.

The second concerns an interview that he had agreed to give to a newspaper woman. She did not arrive. Boyer waited for a reasonable time after work was finished. Then he gave up and went home. The next afternoon he did not have to report for work, and he was delighted at the prospect of a brief rest.

The following morning he read that the newspaper woman had been injured in an automobile accident. Boyer called up to find out the extent of her injuries and gave up his few hours of rest to call upon her.

**A**SK Boyer to whom he credits his American success and his immediate answer is: "Walter Wanger, the producer. He is the man who understands the miracle of casting, probably the one greatest stumbling block to any promising Hollywood career."

I have noticed each time I have talked with him the seriousness with which he has weighed each question, the earnestness with which he has framed his replies. Have you ever studied Boyer's face and the large vein that traces itself from hairline to brow? It is one of his most fascinating features and gives to his clear brown eyes, his straight nose and his full mouth a most compelling and restrained charm. Queer how a trick of physiognomy can lend importance and credence to strong features and furnish women with an added clue to smoldering cross-currents which, they suspect, underlie his charm.

A well-known character-analyst recently told me, "Whereas many so-called Continentals find it necessary to advertise their knightly tendencies, Boyer, without effort or ostentation, causes women to know that within him is every desired romantic virtue. He is courtly in a quiet way."

Born at Figeac, in the center of France, in August, 1899, the son of a respected business man, who, in turn, had been the son of a respected business man, and so on for centuries, he suggests a throw-back to some unsuspected ancestry. As a critic in a French magazine said: "Women succumb to his great charm, his powerful personality, without being able to help themselves. He leaves them stunned and astonished."

Just between us, I don't credit that. I simply don't believe they want to help themselves.



## Rose Marie—You'll Love It!

[Continued from page 25]

who commutes by speed boat from the Nevada side of the lake,) the entire cast and crew are living at Chambers Lodge, on the west shore of Lake Tahoe. The accommodations consist of a fair-sized central lodge and some forty individual cabins. Jeanette, her two dogs, and Lucille, her French maid, are established in one of the larger cabins near the lodge; Nelson lives in a little one-room cabin far back in the pines.

Every member of this company, without exception, is in love with Jeanette. Work here has been done under difficult conditions; physical hardship has been the order of almost every day. And never once has she been inconsiderate; not once has she lost her ability to "take it" with a laugh. Surprisingly, in view of the fact that she has been a star for several years, this is her first location trip. It is also Nelson Eddy's first trip on location. He calls it his vacation.

He is a strange combination of friendliness and reserve. At dinner, every evening, he is the life of the party; after dinner he plays pool with all comers for an hour or so and frequently shakes the rafters with some extemporaneous song. And then, by nine o'clock, he retires to his cabin, to study the next day's lines. During the day, he frequently disappears—wanders away between scenes and sits by himself, thinking, until he is called before the cameras again. When lunch is called, however, he never fails to join the production crew.

THE story has been changed to some extent. Briefly, here is the plot:

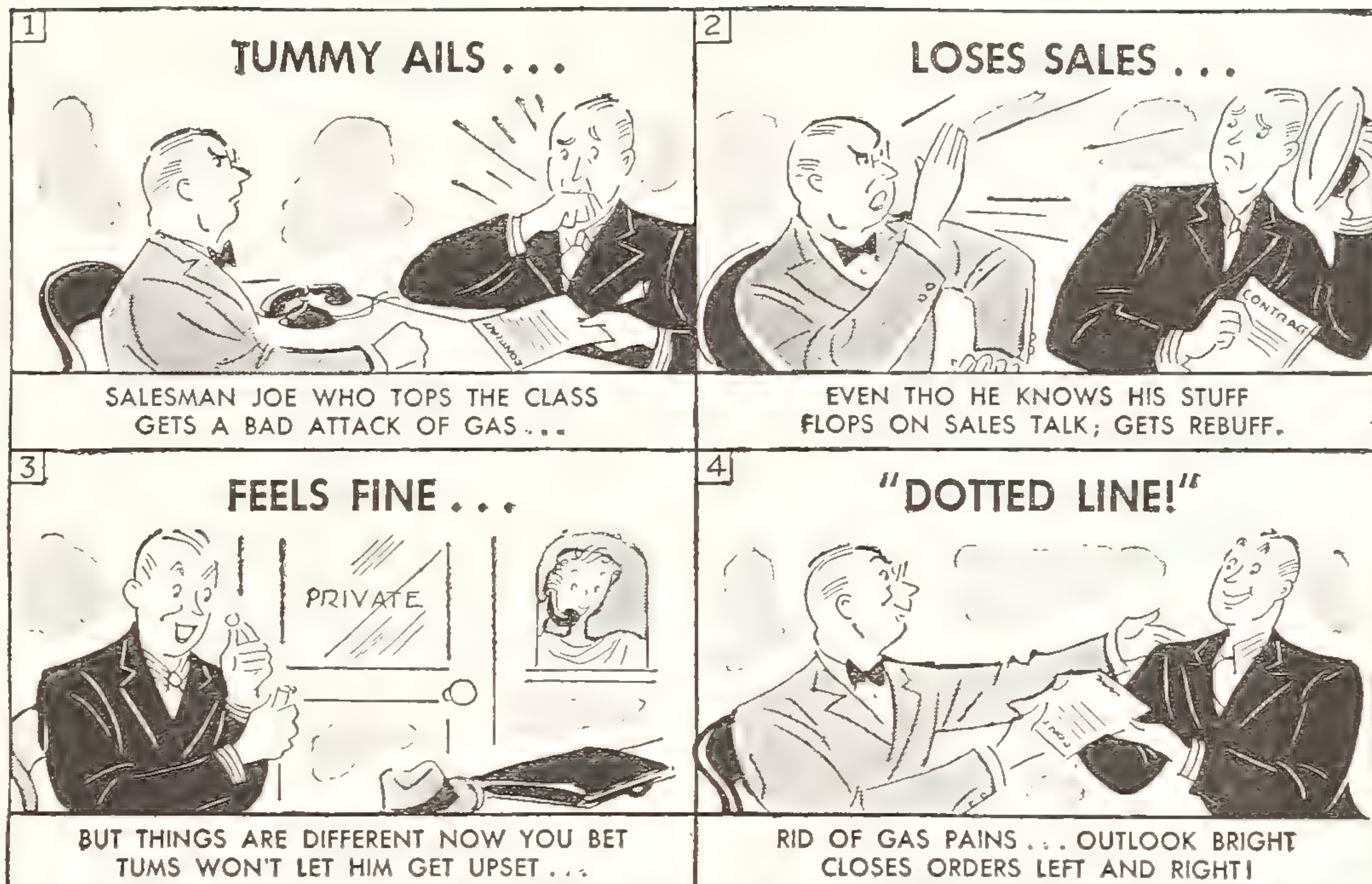
Jeanette is first seen as an opera singer in the opera house at Quebec. On the night following her triumph, she receives word that her scapegrace brother is a fugitive in the north country. Accompanied by a half-breed Indian guide, she sets out to find him.

Far north, lost in a wilderness of mountains and streams, she is deserted by her guide, only to be rescued by the sergeant of Canadian Northwest Mounties who has been commissioned to arrest her brother. The policeman, of course, is Nelson Eddy.

Aware of her identity, he nevertheless finds himself falling in love; aware of his purpose, she still cannot avoid returning his love. They push farther and farther into the wilderness, stopping for a few days with the gathered tribes who are celebrating their annual corn festival, and there discovering the whereabouts of the fugitive murderer. Securing a new guide, she eludes her companion, only to meet him again, dramatically, just as he arrests her brother.

An old theme, perhaps, but still a strong theme, is the clash between love and duty. And it offers a perfect setting for the songs of the Rudolph Friml operetta.

[Continued on page 65]



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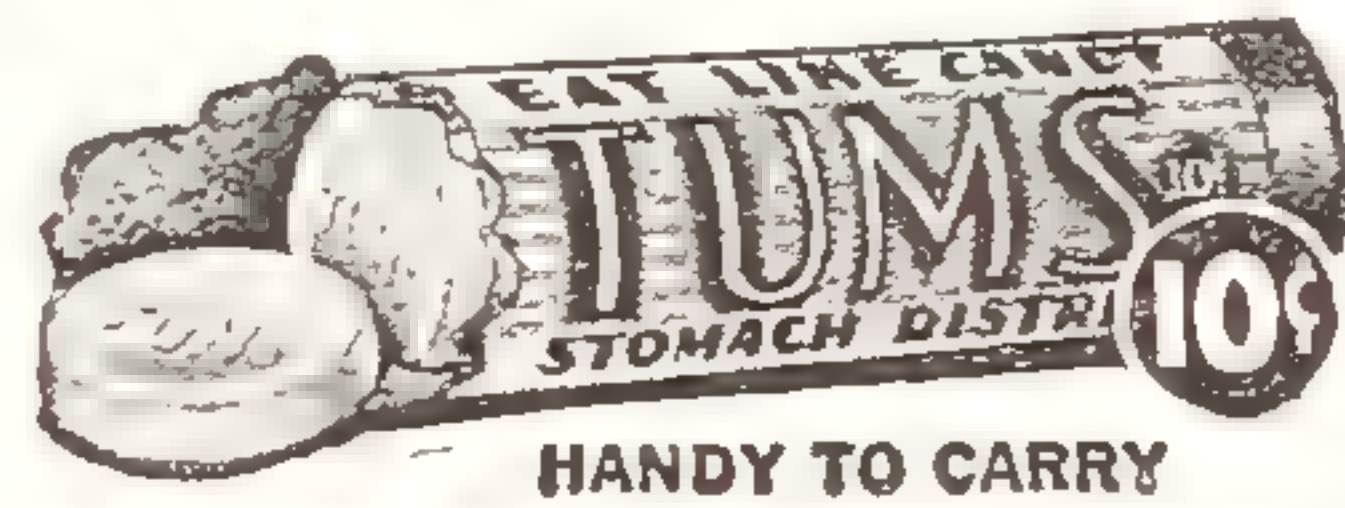
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32x6.00-20	3.10 1.25	7.50-20	\$5.40 3.75
33x6.00-21	3.25 1.25	8.25-20	7.60 \$4.95
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## Warner Baxter—and Women

[Continued from page 27]

pany paid Warner a good salary—every week!

He remained two years with the company. He received a few increases in salary as he grew more popular as a leading man with the discriminating Texas ladies. A girl in Dallas suggested to him that he "should try the movies, which were then in their well-known infancy."

Warner went to Hollywood. And almost went on the breadline. Still jobless after some months, and nearly broke, he finally landed with the Burbank Stock Company on Main Street in Los Angeles. There were many less handsome and buoyant men cavorting before film cameras, ten miles away, but Warner, though he had the eloquence of an insurance agent, could not convince the producers that they needed him.

He remained seven long, heart-breaking years with this stock company. He became a popular leading man on the Los Angeles stage. At the end of the seven years, Warner was urged by Oliver Morosco to go to New York to play a rôle in *Lombardi, Ltd.* He accepted—welcoming the change of scenery, the chance for fame. And he made the opening day doubly memorable by marrying Winifred Bryson, his leading lady. That was in 1918. They still are happily married.

Behind the success of every famous man, there is a woman. The woman behind Warner Baxter was Winifred Bryson. He gives her full credit for his being a movie star today.

**H**IS success in New York was nominal. At the end of the play's run, the newlyweds returned to Hollywood and he made new efforts to crash the films. He did not return to the local stage. Instead, he went from one casting office to another without the least encouragement. That he was not selected to play at least a minor rôle is one of the supreme mysteries of the films. A handsome and magnetic fellow, as all the ladies know, he had had ten years of rigid and diversified stage training. Men with fewer qualifications were famous as stars, and received enormous salaries. As one discouraging week stretched into another, he began to thank his mother for his early business training, and to turn his eyes sadly away from the profession he loved, and—I may write it here—so magnificently adorned. He was on the verge of accepting a job as an automobile salesman.

Perhaps with feminine intuition, perhaps merely with hope that the incredible would occur, Winifred persuaded Warner to wait just one more week before giving up the Hollywood struggle. They had enough money to last seven more days. And in those seven days, something might happen.

On the Saturday of that week, something *did* happen. The telephone rang

and he was casually told to appear for a test on Monday for the leading male rôle opposite Ethel Clayton in *Her Own Money*. Warner thought for a moment. If the test failed, he would lose the job as salesman for not reporting. He made his decision, took the test, and waited for word until the next Thursday. Then word came. He was given the rôle!

**B**AXTER was not a spectacular success in his early films. Young leading men, playing opposite famous women stars, seldom get the chance to be spectacular. But Warner worked continuously in films from then on.

He worked continuously until the talkies came—when his luck seemed to change. Just why, is another Hollywood mystery. He was given no chance in talkies, despite all his experience.

Many months passed. Warner had saved enough to buy a ranch, and it looked as though one of the most handsome men in films would retire to the country to be a "gentleman farmer."

He was all ready to make the move when a rush call came from the Fox Studios. He was to be given a test for the leading rôle in that popular stage success, *In Old Arizona*. Raoul Walsh, scheduled to play the rôle, had been injured in an automobile accident—and, with the picture ready to start, a substitute hero had to be found immediately. A number of actors were tested. Warner won the assignment.

His delineation of *The Cisco Kid* in this picture was chosen by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the best performance of 1928.

**T**HE rest is brilliant film history. He has played a vivid variety of rôles. He has portrayed suave men-of-the-world, rough-and-ready caballeros, detectives, masters of finance (not to mention romance), carefree victims of the depression. He and Janet Gaynor have been a frequent—and popular—co-starring combination.

He was recently borrowed by M-G-M to play the title rôle of *Robin Hood of El Dorado*. He is now making *King of Burlesque* for Twentieth Century-Fox. Directly ahead of him are *Earthbound* and *Hawk of the Desert*.

Considered by many the best-tailored man in films, he wears his clothes as gracefully as a tiger does its skin.

And—I don't know how popular these items will be with the ladies—he dislikes being waited upon, and, though he has a personal secretary, his wife helps him take care of his "fan mail."

A ruler in the realms of romance, he does not ignore letters from those who admire him—among whom there is none more sincere than Jim Tully.

He is a real man. I mean Warner Baxter—not Jim Tully.



## Rose Marie—You'll Love It!

[Continued from page 63]

THE scenes of the Indian corn festival, which were filmed during the past few days, will thrill you when you see them on the screen. For these scenes, eight hundred Indians were gathered from all of the reservations in the western United States and Canada. An Indian village was built on a pine-clothed point of land jutting into Lake Tahoe.

On the point adjoining the Indian village, the totem poles of all the tribes were erected, enclosing a great circular space. In the center was a great fire pit and beside it stood the totem pole of the Thunder-Bird God. There the great dance was filmed—by eight cameras.

Around the fire pit squatted a circle of ancient women.... outside the forest of totem poles, a double line of feathered horsemen, wove their ponies in and out in a weird, rhythmic serpentine dance.... Between the circle of totem poles and the fire pit, at least a hundred painted braves, kept dancing, dancing, to the pulsing, hypnotic beat of tom-toms....

From the darkness of the forest came a chorus of blood-curdling yells.... and into the circle of totems, pushed by a score of medicine men, is rolled a huge drum, thirty feet in diameter.... down from the Thunder-Bird totem pole danced the corn maiden and the Manitou.... they leaped on the drum, which had been placed over the fire pit.... faster and faster they danced and each step sent the voice of the drum booming out over the lake... it seemed to fill the whole world....

I looked at Jeanette and Nelson, standing beside me, and I saw that they were swaying to the beat.... Van Dyke was rocking back and forth as though he were hypnotized.... and so was every member of the crew.... and so was I!

Jeanette has been riding constantly this last year and is a superb horsewoman. On this picture she has needed to be. There have been a number of sequences that called for her to ride a horse across swift-tumbling mountain streams. Had she lost her head, or her saddle, the results would have been perilous.

You will hear the famous *Indian Love Call* sung by Jeanette while she rides with Nelson Eddy in a canoe. Always a magnificent song, it is doubly so as recorded in this picture. Nelson explains the Indian tradition as they paddle up the stream, and assures Jeanette that if her love is true, her song will find an echo. Verse by verse, he extemporizes and, after she listens, her voice suddenly rises to ring clear and true in the song. Back from the mountains comes the echo of her call.

Never has she had a grander opportunity. And I'll let you in on a profound secret. Not only does she play an opera singer. In the opening sequence, she is an opera singer, for the first time on the screen, rendering an aria from the operatic version of *Romeo et Juliet*.



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## The Story Ginger Rogers Never Told

[Continued from page 29]

ease, and a snack can always be raked up on short notice from the pantry shelf.

If it is the cook's night out and her guests have no pet dish they insist on whipping up, Ginger herself is entirely capable of taking the kitchen by storm and making a soufflé or a fluffy omelet. She very definitely does not fall into the category of actresses who pose for "still" pictures clad in frilly fudge aprons, bending their freshly-made-up features over stoves, in the act of pulling "prop" roasts from unlighted ovens. Ginger cooks and does it well. Any of her friends will grade her favorite entrée—ham and eggs with strawberry jam—with an A plus.

WHEN Ginger was a high-school lass back in Texas, she was up with anyone in her "gang" when it came to sports. She was the all-round girl of the neighborhood who could almost—if not quite—beat the boys in tennis in the morning, swim countless times across the pool without stopping in the afternoon, and then fairly float around a dance floor at night, all without turning so much as one red-gold hair.

She still has this boundless energy, even though her picture work does step in to halt a great part of such a schedule. However, as one of the most efficient equestriennes in Hollywood, she does find time, picture or no picture, for a frequent canter. And when she was on location in the mountains for scenes in her first solo-starring picture for RKO-Radio, *In Person*, she was also able to do considerable swimming between shots—cold though the mountain lake was. This trip was practically a vacation for Ginger, who is almost a stranger to holidays.

She likes to throw some necessary clothes in a bag, get in her car, and drive with no particular destination in mind until she finds a place that strikes her fancy. Then she will "hide out" there until a broadcast-summons brings her back. She is looking forward to having three successive days in some such place, sometime. And, in admitting this suppressed desire, she also confesses to being an incurable optimist.

Ginger's love of sports has been mistakenly called her hobby by some. But her hobbies are far different things, and they fluctuate with amazing rapidity. Just as your pet eccentricity may be hating to dry your hands on a glazed guest towel, or a penchant for saving paper bags and string, or turning out unneeded electric lights, so little Miss Rogers' eccentricity is this wild leaping from one avocation to another.

RIGHT now, her pet hobby is home movies. And this particular one, inspired by her actor-director husband, Lew Ayres, has lasted for a strangely





long time. Wherever Ginger goes, her home-movie camera goes, too. She has even made a couple of two-reel productions starring and featuring her friends. The first was *Red Riding Hood*, starring her cousin, Phyllis Fraser (who is generally credited with having named her "Ginger," since she could not pronounce her real name, "Virginia," as a small child). Featured in the "super-colossal" production were her mother, Lela Rogers, who conducts a charm school at RKO-Radio Studios, teaching beginners what she has taught Ginger; Ben Alexander, Ginger herself, and one or two other cronies. Ginger does everything from directing to titling, cutting and editing the pictures—even lending a hand with the acting when she is needed.

Other Rogers hobbies have ranged all the way from gardening to watercolor-painting. The last had fruitful results, even if not in Ginger's case. She became so enthusiastic about this painting business that she infected her friend, Janet Gaynor, with the bug until Janet was sure that life was not worth living unless she dashed off a watercolor every few days. As a result, Janet still is painting and doing very creditable work. Ginger is so spontaneous in her enthusiasms that everyone who knows her soon shares them. In fact, all America is now dance-conscious, thanks to her graceful gliding with Fred Astaire.

Bernard Newman, RKO-Radio designer, prophesies that Ginger is heading straight for the title of "the best-dressed woman on the screen." Anything she wears, whether simple or elaborate, is charming on her. And fully aware of the universal interest of women in smart attire, she is completely cooperative with the style-creator. She never gets temperamental about long hours of dress-fitting, never demands drastic changes in designs. Just as he would not attempt to tell her how to dance, so does she refuse to tell him how he should design a dress. She trusts his judgment as an expert stylist. And the chances are that, working together, they will become world-famous as a fashion team.

**H**OWEVER, Ginger is far from being super-clothes-conscious. Her personal wardrobe is small—and consists largely of sport clothes. She has been known to buy an evening gown to which she has taken a fancy, bring it home, hang it neatly in a closet and forget about it until the gown either is out of style or the moths have chosen it as the site of their annual convention. Meanwhile, she has gone merrily along in a favored old sweater and skirt. Like any other normal girl, however, she does have an innate liking for pretty clothes. And when she goes to the theatre, or dinner-dancing, she becomes more like the Ginger of the screen—and is likely to have all eyes upon her because of her smart appearance.

Three conflicting studio biographies catalogue her eyes as brown, green and blue. In reality, they are blue-green. She stands five feet, five inches high. She weighs 112 pounds, except after a strenuous rehearsal period for an

Astaire-Rogers musical, during which she loses anywhere from four to six pounds.

There are rumors that she does not share Fred Astaire's enthusiasm for dance rehearsals. That is not true. Fred, as the originator of the routines they present, necessarily devotes more time to dancing than Ginger does. But when he has them completely mapped out and rehearsals are ready to begin, so is Ginger—who learns amazingly fast, as proved by her easy grace and smoothness in their dancing duets.

They are the most popular co-stars in talkie history—and, oddly enough, both are super-modest about their achievements. Both are hard workers and party-dodgers, both are unwilling to talk about themselves, and both have enough humor to look upon displays of temperament as ridiculous and childish. The only reason for their scheduled separation after the picture on which they are now working, *Follow the Fleet*, is that the studio does not want to overplay them as a team, with a possible loss of popularity. Smart executives figure that there will be public curiosity to see what they will do when apart and starred separately. But you may demand them together.

All the talk about her dancing feet has made Ginger self-conscious about them. She curls them under her at every opportunity. Another little-known fact about her is that she plays the piano—very well. And unlike most graduates of the stage, she is not superstitious; it seems that once she broke a mirror—and later the same day signed a big contract.

She likes Ping-Pong, the baby sister of tennis, and is practically unbeatable at it. She plays a middling fair game of golf. She likes New York for excitement, Hollywood for working. Her favorite card game is not bridge, but poker—despite the fact that she does not have "a poker face." She likes peach-colored lingerie, Pomeranians, and John Held, Jr., drawings (which, by the way, she suspects she resembles). She believes that, if teeth can benefit and be more beautiful with three brushings each day, a face can likewise gain added beauty with three washings each day. Her greatest ambition is to play the rôle of *Queen Elizabeth*, who also was a redhead; and now that she is starting as a solo star, she is one step nearer her goal.

She does not like dieting (she doesn't have to do any, thanks to her dancing and her athletics), spinach, great heights, trying to remember telephone numbers, balancing her check-book or being tickled.


All in all, there is not much to differentiate her scheme of living from that of any other popular, well-liked girl the country over. She is just a grand young person of simple tastes, a topping sense of humor, and a mind that clicks on every cylinder behind that very lovely face. There is none of this affecting elaborate cars, freak clothes, or any of the rest of the headline antics for Ginger. She is not the type. And that, undoubtedly, is why she occupies that singular niche that she does occupy.

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## Does Your Make-Up Match Your Wardrobe?

[Continued from page 50]

can wear any color she wishes because, with a handy make-up chart, she can apply cosmetics that will give her skin-tones to harmonize with her clothes.

One famous cosmetic house, now developing this idea, would say that Rochelle Hudson (a brunette) or Myrna Loy (who is titian) could wear blue as well as blonde Joan Bennett, by applying the following make-up: American Beauty rouge, violet lipstick, a shade of powder called Lysetta, dusted over with a mat fonce powder, blue eyeshadow with flecks of silver, and black mascara tipped with blue. For each shade of clothes that a girl might wear, there is another combination of cosmetic colors. (If you wish a color chart, covering different shades, I shall be glad to send you one on written request.)

Then there is another cosmetic firm that has found a way to transform your skin coloring to any shade that may strike your fancy—from the golden brown of a South Sea charmer to the glowing pale orchid of a moon-maiden! Using this liquid powder, you can wear any color of clothes that you like. For when you apply this particular make-up according to a carefully developed color formula, you acquire a skin-tone that blends with the shades of your dresses, hats and coats—whatever those shades may be. (I also have a color chart for this cosmetic. Want it?)

You may believe the first theory: that you should choose your make-up according to your own personal coloring—for every occasion. Or you may like the second theory: that you should change your personal coloring to blend with the clothes you are wearing.

Both theories have their merits—and I am eager, out of a passion for cosmetic research, to learn which one you, personally, prefer. Won't you tell me? To the writer of the best letter about each theory, I shall send a complete set of make-up, illustrating the one that she favors.

When you buy your cosmetics, buy enough different shades of each so that you can always look your best. You won't use any more powder than you do now, but you will wear different shades with different gowns, thus gaining beauty. And remember that without the help of modern cosmetics, most of the stars, as well as the rest of us, would not look half so lovely!

### Beauty Aids

"Look natural—and you will look attractive" is what men often tell women. And one cosmetic company has helped women to heed the hint by developing a "neutral" lipstick that enhances the natural color of your lips, gaining its effect while remaining almost invisible. Now, the same company introduces an "invisible" powder—enhancing your natural skin tones, freshening your whole appearance, doing away

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Do you long to have your eyes look more lustrous in the evening? Eyeshadow, artfully used, is the answer. And a particularly fine answer has just been produced by a famous cosmetician, an iridescent eyeshadow in soft pastel shades of blue, green, violet, and gray. Wear it with your glamorous new evening gown and you will feel doubly glamorous! \$1.

Do your lashes have that intriguing upward curl that Nature intended them to have? If they have, you are lucky. And if they haven't, you can do something about them—with an eyelash curler that is simple to use and unfailing in its results. \$1.

Foreign visitors constantly comment on the glowing beauty of American women. Half the secret of that glowing beauty lies in the excellent skin soaps that American women buy—and use frequently. Most of them are inexpensive, too... like the soap that remains the favorite, year after year, of Hollywood stars. Information about this soap is yours for the asking.

You can't have a beautiful face unless your feet are in beautiful condition. Nothing short of a clown's mask can make you look happy if you are enduring foot discomfort. Don't ignore callouses, corns or bunions. Remove them—quickly and effectively—with a product that really qualifies as a "beauty aid." Inexpensive, too.

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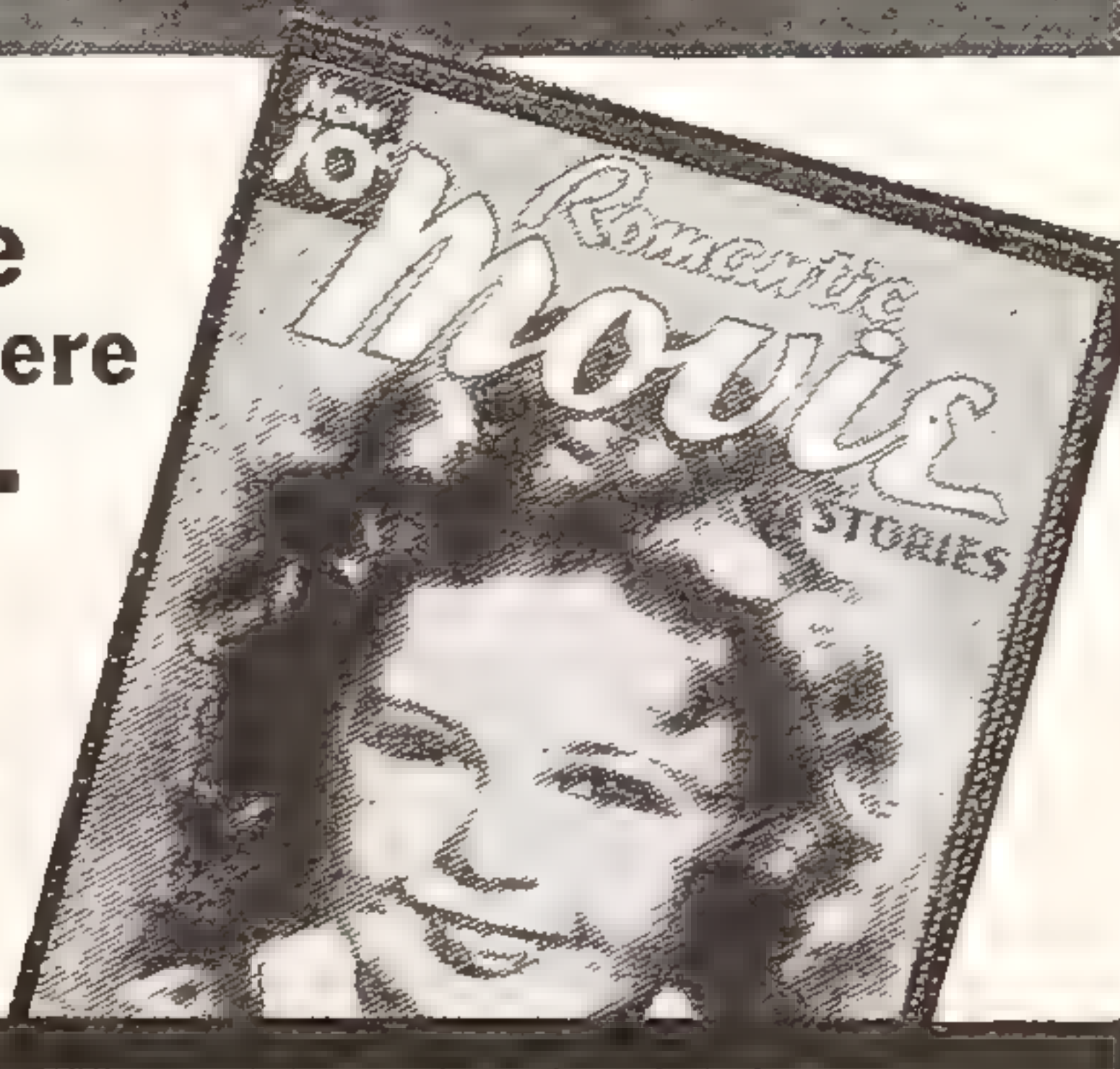


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## Up from the Bottom to Stardom

[Continued from page 61]

panies that present a new play each week. Any seasoned trouper will assure you that work of that kind is the finest of all theatrical training. From the tent show she journeyed on to small rôles in stock companies and from stock she climbed to the Broadway stage—playing unimportant parts at first, and later, as she felt more confident of her own ability, featured leads.

When she received her contract from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she was offered several important rôles—and refused them. She insisted on beginning in small parts, despite the fact that she came to Hollywood with a Broadway reputation. Such modesty is practically without precedent. But really, it wasn't modesty, it was merely Rosalind's common-sense at work again.

"I knew nothing about screen work," she explains. "To me, it called for an entirely new technique and I wanted to learn it thoroughly. I saw no reason to be ashamed of playing incidental rôles."

The point is that she made those small parts so outstanding that she has steadily *earned* advancements, one by one. Even in her first picture, in little more than a "bit," she attracted nearly as much attention as the stars.

**C**HARACTERISTICALLY, she dislikes ostentation and pretense. She mingles little with "the Hollywood crowd" and resents any attempt to vest her with typical Hollywood glamor.

"Glamor?" she asks, dark eyes widening. "I haven't time for it. I have a job to do. If I can do it well, I shall be satisfied without being glamorous, too."

She lives alone, in a tiny New England-style house, high in the Hollywood hills. It is probably one of the smallest houses ever occupied by a screen personality, but, since it is beautiful and since her entertainment is limited to a few small dinner parties, it completely satisfies her needs.

She drives a small, inexpensive roadster—and in it manages to cover the entire west. Between pictures, she shuns the fashionable spots and goes away, by herself, on gypsy tours of the mountains and the desert. Her favorite vacation resort is a private ranch, high in the mountains, where she can dress in slacks and a ten-gallon hat and be treated as a human being.

Temperament and affectation are entirely out of her line. She is invariably simple and frank.

"You know, people take life and especially *themselves* much too seriously," she says. "It's so much more fun to live simply. The actress who stages temperamental pyrotechnics is outdated. She forgets that actors, today, are so well paid that they should be willing to give everything they have in return."

## WHY WIVES NAG!

Don't blame wives and mothers who get cross and irritable, worn out and exhausted trying to do everyday housework, look after children and manage the home when they don't feel right. Often a woman neglects her health, ruins her nerves and becomes impatient with everyone and everybody—and doesn't realize it. Science, however, now claims that it is **GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE** that is the real cause of these rundown, nervous, irritable conditions—glands which control assimilation and metabolism and which, when they fail to work prevent normal everyday food from building rich, red, nourishing blood, calm, strong nerves and the strength and energy women usually so badly need.

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## What Every Smart Girl Could Wear

[Continued from page 45]

grand ones, but I think any young girl needs a variety of hats," she confides. "How else can she maintain that desired 'new-outfit-a-month' appearance? A girl nowadays can pick up really clever little *chapeaux* for a few dollars, wear them for a brief time, and get new ones without upsetting her budget too much."

**A**NNE really has a grand assortment of hats—most of them black because so many of her dresses are black.

There is a little round affair shaped like a mandarin's hat and trimmed with a tassel; a similar shape with smart veil and quill; a satin contraption about the size of a freshman's "beanie," only considerably smarter, as you might guess; one of those halo hats that are simply ravishing as a frame for a very young face blessed with a good complexion; and a smart felt beret—all to be worn with the two black dresses and the green.

Slippers and bag to wear with these dresses were black, too. Anne said she thought any girl could make one bag and one pair of slippers do for all three.

Anne's favorite coat is dark green with very dark beaver collar. Although lovely to wear with the black costumes since the fur is so dark, it is also ideal for brown outfits. (See Illustration 6.)

But we must not talk too long about daytime clothes. There are *formal occasions* to dress for, also. Anne deserts black and turns to a beautiful shade of taupe for a dinner dress. (See Illustration 7.) A more sophisticated type of dress it is, too, with a slit in the skirt, but so plain that it is lovely for the very

young girl. It is made with a high neck and a simple collar that might have been on a suit blouse; big gold buttons down the front; long, loose-at-the-wrist sleeves, a belt buckled with two larger editions of the bodice buttons, and absolutely plain skirt.

Indicating another bit of economy, Anne pointed out that at least two of the hats she wears with her afternoon dresses are also fine with this.

For strictly formal evening occasions, Anne again turns to black and, honestly, I never saw a lovelier, simpler frock than the one that is her favorite! It has a perfectly plain skirt, simple girdle, square neckline, and nothing else to it *except*—and this is an exception—a sort of scarf sprinkled with brilliants that can be worn either as a sari (you know, Hindu fashion, over one's head), or as a shoulder scarf, or as a tunic! (See Illustrations 8, 9, and 10.)

There are tiny hooks and eyes in several places, invisible except when you look for them, and they act as the aid that transforms the scarf from one to another of its magic rôles. Any clever home dressmaker could have just such a scarf of her own.

The evening dress was the "grand finale" of Anne's "fashion revue" and it was time for me to go. But as I was leaving, I stopped to ask:

"Anne, have you any 'don'ts' to offer the teen-age girl about clothes-buying?"

She thought a moment. "Just one," she said. "Don't spend all your money on dresses. Save enough out of your allowance for nice shoes, bags, and gloves. Because shabby accessories ruin any costume!"

## Fashion Foreword

[Continued from page 42]

lightweight woolen dress—and found just what I wanted in a sheer black wool, with a little detachable cape.

At this point, it seemed a good idea to look at accessories, particularly bags. And I found the trickiest little suede purse, shaped like a miser's bag.

I remembered last year's favorite black dress. Now, if I could only redeem *that* for *this* season, without much expenditure! . . . A new hat was all I needed, besides an accessory bouquet or pin, to make it a new dress.

After my usual session of millinery-shop miseries, I chose a brimmed felt with cocky feather. Equally in fashion are the little caps, soft off-the-face types, and Spanish hats.

Then I'm acquiring another smart-looking dress by knitting one. Hand-knitted clothes still are just about the most figure-flattering things that a girl can wear. And they can be made so cheaply, too.

Evening things can wait until next month, but I'll have my eyes open for a lovely velvet or lamé gown.

Returning from the fashion front and the shopping wars, I took inventory of my captures. Everything I had bought was a friend to my budget, and yet it was new . . . smart . . . lasting. I had a satisfying foundation for a 1936 wardrobe—some slick *new* things, and some chic, fixed-up old ones . . . And what about *you*?

Write your own fashion questions to **MOVIE CLASSIC'S** Fashion Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City. She will gladly give you a personal answer. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.



# Handy Hints from Hollywood



Evalyn Knapp (above) has discovered something new in coffee pots. It consists of a little electric heat unit, topped by a tall container. With it, coffee can be made at any strength desired, in much the same manner that tea is made. The metal basket in Miss Knapp's left hand contains the coffee and is plunged up and down in the boiling water until the coffee becomes the desired color. The Chicago Flexible Shaft Company takes credit for placing this one on the market.

\* \* \*

Onslow Stevens thinks that one of the handiest gadgets to have in the house is Holdems . . . for repairing loose chair rungs. "They really do the trick," says Onslow. "You simply remove the rung in question and force it back into the socket with a Holdems alongside of it. The barbs on either side of the little metal gadget hold the rung in place forever."

\* \* \*

A soap, time and trouble saver that is popular in Hollywood is the new A. P. W. Red Cross paper towel. Most good housekeepers use these towels to wipe grease from dirty dishes before washing them. Doing this, they need only half as much soap . . . and half as many changes of dish water.

How to keep bathroom fixtures clean? It's probably a disagreeable problem unless you have discovered "Dutch Maid," used in many Hollywood homes and studios. "Dutch Maid" will remove all stains from enamel and keep them removed for at least two weeks.

\* \* \*

Little Cora Sue Collins' mother believes in starting Cora Sue's housekeeping training early. The other day, we found her giving Cora Sue a lesson in quick-and-easy cleansing and polishing of kitchen utensils . . . with Brillo.

\* \* \*

Nancy Carroll has discovered a new use for Zonite. After she has been peeling onions, she applies it as a hand deodorant. Another use for Zonite is for removal of ink stains—if the stained cloth is dyed with a fast color.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Ralph Bellamy says that the easiest way to "dress up" a bridge luncheon table is with paper doilies and napkins. The Dennison Paper Company has made it possible for any housekeeper to purchase a complete bridge luncheon set at any "notions" counter.

\* \* \*


Women will be glad to learn that Pyrex glass pie pans have more uses than the average old-fashioned tin variety. For example: When making a pie crust, you can take two pans of the same size, line one with the dough, and set the empty one inside as you put it in the oven. The crust will be kept in place while baking and will come out as smooth as velvet.

\* \* \*

Paula Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, finds Taylor Household Thermometers invaluable in cooking. With a Taylor Thermometer, guaranteed accurate, she never has anything "burn to a crisp." And a Taylor Thermometer in a laundry tub is a safeguard against too-hot water . . . which may ruin dainty silks or stockings.

\* \* \*

Any number of the motion picture people who have moved out to Malibu Lake or Triunfo have installed Nesco De Luxe heaters in their homes. These districts are not supplied with gas for home consumption and, according to many of them, these heaters are really more satisfactory than the natural gas heaters because it seems that they get twenty-five hours continuous service out of one gallon of kerosene. Sir Guy Standing, who has recently moved out to Malibu Lake, finds great comfort in a heater in the early mornings. He says that often the temperature is below the freezing point because of the altitude. Not only that, but one of these heaters is a very attractive addition to anyone's home—it is a piece of furniture you will take great pride in showing your friends.



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## Meet Errol Flynn—Born Adventurer!

[Continued from page 35]



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in the world today. Life there took on a dangerous aspect, and his father sent the unwilling Errol to Sydney, Australia, to continue his schooling. He studied for three weeks, then decided he had sufficient education. He took a job as clerk in an office. This lasted only a week. Office work held no charms for him because it offered no adventure.

For two years, he roamed the islands of the South Seas, adventuring. Then, pulling the right political wires, he attached himself to the British Colonial Service and embarked for New Guinea in the East Indies. There, at the age of eighteen, he was the youngest man on the island in government service.

Once arrived in New Guinea, he was detailed to patrol a district and acquired the title of Patrol Officer. His duties consisted of taking a dozen native policemen, all boys, and making the rounds of a given area, settling all differences between natives and maintaining British law and order. To complete this circuit required a week of arduous travel through dark, dank jungle and in torrid, fever-ridden heat.

Errol Flynn could write a book on his experiences as a Patrol Officer, as a judge in the jungle, which recognizes few man-made laws. To the average man and woman, his adventures sound like the most imaginative fiction. Actually, the dangers he encountered were dangers that every officer there faces almost daily.

**"MY WORST** moment in the patrol service," he says, "happened one day when the boys and I were paddling a makeshift raft across a wide stream. In the center of the river, the raft broke up and all of us were plunged into the water, with guns, ammunition, money and supplies at once sinking to the bottom.

"This presented a pretty serious problem—but wait! As I approached the shore, one of my boys yelled for me to watch out. *I hadn't noticed that I was swimming next to a crocodile.* I struck out to the side, and just as I did so, I heard the beast's jaws crash together with an awful snap. His teeth just grazed me. I tell you, that was the most fearful moment of my life, and I've been in some pretty tight spots."

Leaving the service, he did some prospecting in the most dangerous gold country on earth—inner New Guinea. At that time, the government would not cooperate with the miners in that out-of-way hell, and to get supplies a dozen natives would have to beat their way through the steaming jungle to the seacoast, eight days distant. The return journey required from ten to twelve days, depending upon the weather and the weight of the load.

"Sometimes they would not make the coast," the young actor-adventurer told me. "The cannibals would see to that."

FOR two more years, following his experience in the gold fields, Errol Flynn sailed through the South Seas,—this time in his own schooner, picking up cargo, transporting natives and intermittently plying the pearl-fishing trade. During these two years, he came to know and love the islands of the South Seas. His adventures on his craft would fill another volume, for death and disaster rode the waves with him on more occasions than he can remember.

From the Indies, Flynn went to Hongkong with the small fortune that he had amassed and converted into uncut diamonds—and lost it in a nearly-fatal encounter with cut-throat thugs. From Hongkong, he sailed up the China coast to Shanghai, as a member of a volunteer force of young adventurers enlisted to help China fight Japan. Looking for war, he was put to work shoveling snow.

Tiring of this, he and a friend took French leave one wintry night and left for Manila, where they entered the cock-fighting business. When they found themselves in another tight spot, they departed overnight for Indo-China.

Finding excitement in every port, Errol went from Saigon to Bangkok, down to Singapore, on to India (where he had a brother in the British army), to French Somaliland and Addis Ababa, center of the present Ethiopian crisis, where he was a guest of the prime minister of the country. He left there for England to enter upon a brief stage career, and, later, to ally himself with the cinema.

TO DRAW from him even a meagre recital of his adventures requires both tact and patience. However thrilling an incident may have been, he minimizes its importance to such an extent that he might be mentioning the weather. In his reticence lies the charm of the man; this, and a personality that immediately wins you.

In keeping with his romantic character was his courtship of his actress-bride, Lili Damita. He met her on the boat crossing to America. When the steamer docked, Lili remained in New York and Flynn hastened on to Hollywood. Several months later they met again, when Lili visited Dolores Del Rio on the First National lot. They renewed their acquaintance, and in a whirlwind manner Errol wooed and won the dark-eyed French beauty.

Small wonder that the studio selected him for the prize rôle of the season—the title rôle of *Captain Blood*. His adventurous and romantic background make him the logical choice. And when you glimpse him as the swashbuckling terror of the seas, you will thrill to the handsome young Errol Flynn, knowing him for the exciting, virile, young adventurer that he really is!



## My Success Story Is a Love Story, Says Robert Donat

[Continued from page 51]

Yes, a woman with such blood must be fire battling with water—the fire of the fighter, the water of the dreamer.

"I met her when I was sixteen. The first time I didn't like her. Nor the second. But the third, I knew that if I married anyone, I would marry her.

"She didn't like me. For eight years, except as a friend, she would have none of me. Then, all at once, she fell violently in love. We were married immediately."

**S**HE was teaching classical dancing in Glasgow—and gave up her work immediately to go into stock with her husband. And her far-sighted helpfulness began at this very moment. Large sums were offered to Robert by various repertoire companies. The smallest offer came from the Festival Theatre in Cambridge. But the best plays were also given in Cambridge.

"Ella gave me the strength of mind to decide," Robert Donat said. "I chose Cambridge."

I smiled. His sentence had been so revealing. "Ella gave me the strength—I chose." Five years later, he gave her the credit of being the influence behind his success, but she had managed to let him keep that masculine pride in the feeling, "I am boss!"

At the end of the first year, came an offer from London. It would mean fame, fortune, financial independence! They could have that family now. And a home. By the time they arrived in London, they were laying definite plans for the arrival of little Joanna. And the play closed almost before it had opened! When Joanna was born, Robert Donat had approximately five shillings to his name.

But behind him stood a woman who laughed when Fate dared the very existence of herself and the man she loved. He should not sign with the producers and managers who would finance him through this difficult period. They would work their way through together. They would remain indebted only to themselves and, when the time came, he would find success—and it would be all his.

The story of how her prophecy came true—of how Alexander Korda eventually cast him in *The Private Life of Henry the Eighth*, which led to *The Count of Monte Cristo*—is history. The story of Robert Donat, the young failure who became the most-sought-after actor in the movies, is amazing, fascinating. But the tale of his love for this brilliant woman is our story.

**W**HEN Robert is working, he is up at five a.m. and so is the rest of the family. The children—Joanna, 5, and Tommy, 2—scramble into his room and while he is having his early-morning

cup of tea, they munch their early morning fruit. Then he shaves at his dressing-table, using an electric razor, while the children sit on his bed, opening his letters. "They make an awful mess," Robert says with a rueful face, "but they like to open letters." Later they all breakfast together gaily in the nursery. Then off to work drives Robert.

Once the day's work is over, his valet telephones to the house when Robert is leaving the studio and no matter whether it is five o'clock in the afternoon or midnight, there is a hot meal waiting.

And here is a secret that the motion picture producers have not discovered—at least not to its fullest value: Robert Donat sings. How he sings! Night after night, his wife plays and he pours out his romantic, idealistic soul in song—both classical and modern.

A walk on the heath ends the Donats' day. And it makes no difference whether it rains or it fogs or the moon smiles and the stars twinkle—this walk is a ritual never neglected because it is that pause in a busy life when two souls commune, not only together, but with the great wonders of the space above and around them.

Undoubtedly, it has been on some of these nightly walks that they have developed their psychology for the rearing of Joanna and Tommy. "We have tried to make them un-self-conscious," Robert says humbly. "They don't think of themselves as individual personalities. Joanna doesn't say when she looks in a mirror, 'Oh, that's me.' She says, 'Oh, that looks like Joanna.' Or if she has a new dress she does not announce, 'I have a new dress,' but says, 'Joanna has a new dress.'" Frequently—in fact, usually—Joanna and Tommy do not say "Mother" and "Father" but "Ella" and "Robert."

They are four happy people learning about life together—romping and playing—studying and advancing. A man who heads his family; a woman who stands behind him; two youngsters being treated—and therefore feeling—like real human beings.

Robert Donat is just thirty. He has the charm of all ages rolled into one. He is not handsome; he is something more. He is *man* as women—all women—adore man. He has strength, power, charm. He is excitement; he is repose.

Women cannot help but love him—on the screen and off. And he is human. Otherwise, no one could love him. But Robert Donat knows that Napoleon went to the greatest heights and stayed there as long as he had his Josephine. He went to the deepest depths when he did not have her. Today, Robert's greatest idol is his wife. May he keep her always.

I think he will.

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Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire danced to co-stardom in *Flying Down to Rio* (above). Since then, they have become the world's most popular twosome. But they may part after they finish *Follow the Fleet*. Do you want them separated?

#### \$15 Prize Letter

**It's Glamor We Want!**—We have learned plenty from the movies about new styles in hairdressing and in clothes; and articles on "Developing Your Personality and Charm as Do Movie Stars" have proved to be valuable. I can't imagine anyone's wanting to see 'Crawford wake up in the morning with her wave cap on one ear, or Harlow with her hair in limp, wet slabs,' as some CLASSIC reader suggested last month. We want them beautiful and well-groomed.

Let's have more advice from the stars about scarlet lipstick and green eyeshadow; let's have more lessons in charm. After all, our boy friends are more interested in the attractive, entertaining girls who are with them than in the glamorous beauties who are thousands of miles away!—*Johnnie Mae Hopkins, Ontario, Ore.*

#### \$10 Prize Letter

**To Katharine Hepburn**—I must confess that I have never liked you especially; I have never thought that you were a better actress than several others of our screen stars. But yesterday I saw you in *Alice Adams*. For eighty minutes I was *Alice*—or *Alice* was I! I laughed (with a lump in my throat), I cried, I burned with humiliation, I pitied myself. But I was only one of several hundred *Alices* in that theatre. That's what you did to *Alice* and us, Kate. I revere Booth Tarkington for that human, touching, real story, but you—I love you for your artistry, your imagination, your understanding and personality. I cannot think why I never before sensed your warmth and depth, your genuineness.

I can only hope that the powers-that-be see fit to present you with the Academy Award for having given all of us, not a fine play, but a little piece of life, so beautifully set forth that we cannot help but apply its principles to our own, to their betterment.—*Mary Ellen Madden, 218 E. Eighth St., Flint, Mich.*

# Write a Letter— Win a Prize!

#### \$5 Prize Letter

**All-American or Not?**—Why not give our American men and women a chance? Isn't there enough ability in the United States without going abroad for talent? There is nothing more irksome than sitting through reels of indistinct diction because some director has made a "discovery" and wants to create an atmosphere for his "find." Many of our young American actors and actresses are just as adept in the portrayal of dramatic rôles, and they do not have the foreign accent.

"See America First" is a good slogan, so why not give movie patrons American settings, too? It is true that there are many magnificent sights in foreign countries, but the United States has scenery that rivals all that grandeur abroad and engages the attention and curiosity just as well.—*E. F. Schuff, 803 S. Fifth St., Louisville, Ky.*

Thus one reader feels about *All-American* movies. Do you agree, or do you enjoy the foreign stars—Charles Boyer, Leslie Howard, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, Charles Laughton and the others? Do you consider them indispensable to your enjoyment of motion pictures?

#### \$1 Prize Letters

A couple of months ago, MOVIE CLASSIC asked the question: "Which is the greater boy-actor—Freddie Bartholomew or Mickey Rooney?" Herewith are two of many interesting answers received from readers:

**Freddie Is Tops**—The greatest boy-actor? Freddie Bartholomew, I sincerely believe, is the greatest boy-actor ever to appear on a movie screen. In the title rôle of *David Copperfield*, he was superb. But why do I believe him to be the greatest? For the same reason that Marie Dressler and Will Rogers were the greatest adult stars: little Freddie is just himself, natural, carefree; so completely does he live the characters he portrays that you are not conscious that he is acting. Mickey Rooney is good; so are Jackie Searl, Frankie Thomas, and Jackie Cooper, but none is the born actor that Freddie is!—*Roy Robert Smith, 115 Sherman St., Denver, Col.*

**No, It's Mickey Rooney**—To my way of thinking, Mickey Rooney is in a class with the beloved Will Rogers and the winsome Shirley Temple, a natural and a far better actor than Freddie Bartholomew. The latter is a little prince, courtly and fine. Mickey is an elf, an imp making you laugh at his mischievous ways, then bringing tears to your eyes as he, the street gamin, sobs broken-heartedly over his dead father's body. Both boys are truly marvelous, but Mickey is outstanding because of the many different characters that he has portrayed. As *Puck*, who can ever forget him?—*Marcella N. Buck, 1922 Miramar St., Los Angeles, Calif.*

It looks as if the Bartholomew-Rooney debate is destined to continue. What is your contribution toward the conclusion of the controversy?

**Eleanor in Fred's Class**—Once in a great while, a truly great and thrilling personality comes to the screen. This time, it is Eleanor Powell! She is very attractive and shows great promise as an actress. She is, without a doubt, every bit as good as Fred Astaire. That is saying a lot because I did not think anyone, especially a young girl like Miss Powell, could ever rival Astaire as a dancer. Here's hoping that she will dance in every picture!

Remember Joan Crawford in *Dancing Lady*? She danced and acted, and as a result became one of my favorites. But now she is pushing the dance scenes further and further away. It's a big mistake, I think.—*Thelma Lee, 2625 St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.*

On pages 40 and 41 of this issue is a story about Eleanor Powell that explains why she could not help being a sensation when she had her big opportunity. Don't miss it!

**Attention, Mr. Disney**—Wouldn't it be grand if Walt Disney could create cartoon versions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas? The possibilities are almost unlimited, and they would be glorious riots in color, with really good voices. Remembering the furore of *The Three Little Pigs*, I believe that an even greater sensation could be expected upon the appearance of a tiny, animated *Mikado* or a stealthy *Dick Dead-eye*. More power to Walt Disney!—*Thelma Greenberg, 332 Southern Bldg. Washington, D. C.*

One of the new Disney cartoons is called Mickey's Grand Opera. What do you think of Reader Greenberg's suggestion?

**Time-ly Hits**—The *March of Time* films are the something new and different that we have been awaiting. They are vividly alive and entirely credible. For clearness of presentation and true present-day interest, they have no equal. They are graphic dramas of action, reinforced by delightfully clever comments. They are brief word-and-picture reviews of thrilling and momentous happenings, directed with charm and finesse—many of the scenes being majestic in their emotional appeal and virility.—*Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Hotel Washington, Washington, D. C.*

**WHAT is your favorite movie topic—your reaction to new pictures, new performances—your newest idea for the betterment of films?**

**Tell us, and you will also be telling the world. And be in the running for one of these cash prizes for each month's best letters: (1) \$15; (2) \$10; (3) \$5; all others published, \$1 each.**

**The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write today to Letter Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.**



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F. P. 136



# SEASON'S GREETINGS

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